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POETS AND STATESMEN.

POETS AND STATESMEN,

THEIR

HOMES AND HAUNTS

in the

Neighbourhood of Eton and Windsor.

K. Henry VI. Eton College Chapel.

ETON, PUBLISHED BY E. P. WILLIAMS.

POETS AND STATESMEN;

THEIR HOMES AND HAUNTS

IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD

OF

ETON AND WINDSOR.

by

W. Dowling

LONDON:
PUBLISHED BY E. P. WILLIAMS,
BRIDE COURT, BRIDGE STREET, BLACKFRIARS;
AND ETON COLLEGE.

1856.

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DOW

Dedicated

TO

THE REV. EDWARD CRAVEN HAWTREY, D. D.

PROVOST OF ETON,

&c. &c.

WITH DEEP FEELINGS OF

RESPECT AND GRATITUDE,

BY

THE PUBLISHER.

Eton Coll: 1856.

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Engraved by E. RADCLYFFE, Esq. from Drawings made expressly for this Work by C. W. RADCLYFFE, Esq.; the Busts by James CHAPMAN, Esq.

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INTRODUCTION.

The design of this Volume is to bring before the Reader those places in the neighbourhood of Eton and Windsor, which are connected with the histories of great Poets and Statesmen; and to give brief but comprehensive Memoirs of some of the most remarkable Men from each class, with extracts from their writings or speeches; illustrating the whole with a series of Engravings, chiefly of places having a world-wide celebrity.

Milton, Waller, Cowley, Denham, and Pope, fixed, for a time, their abodes near Eton or Windsor; Burke too passed many years of his life in the neighbourhood; while Fox, Canning, Grenville, and Wellesley, received their education at Eton College, and three out of the four resided at no great distance from the place so endeared to them by their earliest associations.

The ten names selected are those of men who, in their day, enjoyed the highest reputation for knowledge, eloquence, wisdom, or genius: some of them filled high offices in the state, and passed through peculiar difficulties and dangers. Their Memoirs therefore illustrate many of the diversified epochs of English History, and exhibit the slow but progressive changes of public taste. It may in truth be said, that the Men, whose lives are here pourtrayed, connect the times in which we live with the fierce struggles and strange excitement of the great civil war. Milton, with whom the series begins, was the Secretary of Cromwell's government: his contemporaries, Cowley, Denham, and especially Waller, lived amidst the riotous splendour of the court of Charles II. Pope saw the rejoicings for the victories of Marlborough, listened to the toasts of the Jacobites—"To the King over the water"—and heard the bells ring in 1743, for the great victory at Dettingen: Burke and Fox saw the beginning of the American war, the outbreak of the French Revolution, and the rapid rise of our Indian Empire: Canning and Lord Grenville witnessed the termination of the great European struggle: and the Marquis Wellesley, the last name in the volume, extended the influence of England to the foot of the Himalayas and over the rivers of the Punjaub.

From the death of Milton, in 1674, to the decease of the Marquis Wellesley in 1842, was a period of one-hundred and sixty-eight years. During this eventful era, a royal house had fallen in Britain, and three regal families successively occupied the throne : laws, customs, and manners were changed : poetry, eloquence, and philosophy retain, as indeed they ever must, their ancient spirit ; but even they speak a somewhat changed language, and appear in a new form.

To illustrate and explain, in some degree, these changes in literary taste, it has been thought desirable to append to the life of each Poet a selection from his works, of such passages as would most correctly exhibit his peculiar characteristics. The majestic fulness and suggestive imagination of Milton can thus be contrasted with the elaborate polish of Cowley, with the smoothness of Denham, with the sprightly flow of Waller, and with the artistical verses of Pope.

The reader will note, even from the few specimens selected, the peculiarities of at least five schools of poetry. The union of extensive knowledge with religious earnestness and poetic grandeur appears in Milton: Cowley is the representative of a second school, the fol-

lowers of the ingenious and surprising, rather than of the beautiful and the grand: Sir John Denham stands at the head of a third class, the merely pastoral poets, who describe with accuracy, and often with force, but without deep poetic feeling, the varied forms of a rich landscape: The poets of the Court own Waller for their chief, who, in an age of affected gallantry, was honoured, because he flattered well: Pope represents the fifth class, partly pastoral, as in his *Windsor Forest;* but chiefly the painter of men and manners, the witty satirist, though superficial philosopher; whose style was the great model of the versifiers, until the time of Cowper.

In the Second Part of the Work, extracts from speeches, letters, and dispatches have been introduced, in connection with the events to which they refer: but the necessity of condensing as much as possible, in a volume containing ten Memoirs, has prevented the insertion of more passages from the numerous speeches delivered by the five Statesmen whose lives have been written. Enough however has, probably, been given, to exhibit the peculiarities of the different speakers. Some traces may be seen of the knowledge, imagination, and philosophy of Burke; of the fiery ardour and close logic of Fox; of the apt imagery and transparent style of Canning; of

the earnestness and information of Lord Grenville; and of the comprehensive wisdom of the Marquis Wellesley.

The extraordinary character of the times in which the Statesmen of the last age bore their parts gave to their eloquence a peculiar force, and infused into it somewhat more of the impassioned than is usual in the political oratory of the English Senate. Wars in every quarter of the globe; a Revolution unparalleled in the history of the human race; England battling alone against a world in arms; political animosities of singular intensity dividing parties; the constitution and the laws menaced by formidable confederacies in the heart of the land; exasperating and levelling doctrines flung, like fire-brands, into the midst of an ignorant population; libels of unprecedented audacity pointed with the sting of a most biting satire;—such were the irritating causes then operating on the minds of English politicians. It inevitably followed, that the oratory of public men should partake of the character of the period, and become heated by the fierce energies then destroying or remodelling the institutions of Europe.

Nor must it be forgotten, that, in the period between Burke and the Marquis Wellesley, the legislation of past

times was reversed, and laws, once deemed the safeguard of the realm, were repealed. It was in the midst of the excitement produced by the discussion of such measures, that the Statesmen, whose lives are contained in this volume, employed their powers, and won their fame.

The various Illustrations of places memorable for great historical events, or remarkable for their connection with the lives and works of famous men, will, it is hoped, bring before the reader many of the beautiful scenes and quiet landscapes, which enrich the country around Eton and Windsor.

The Busts of the four last Statesmen form part of the interesting gallery of famous Etonians which adorns the Upper School at Eton, and for permission to copy which, for the present volume, the Publisher feels bound to express his best acknowledgments to the Head-Master, the Rev. Dr. Goodford.

First Part:—Poets.

MILTON,

[BORN 1608—DIED 1674.]

Eton, Published by E.P. Williams.

MILTON.

Two Buckinghamshire villages, CHALFONT ST. GILES' and HORTON, are closely connected with the name of England's greatest epic poet. In Chalfont the existence of the Paradise Lost first became known, and there the idea of the Paradise Regained was suggested. Horton may boast that, amidst its rural quietudes, the rich and expressive imagery of the Comus, Allegro, and Penseroso, was grouped. These places are therefore safe from oblivion: they are fixed in our memories by the spell of a mighty name, and linked with the histories of immortal poems.

The distance from Eton to Chalfont is not sufficient to tire out a good walker: Horton can be seen from the turrets of the College Chapel, and the walk to this retired village will but suffice for a stroll on a summer's evening.

Let us now set out for CHALFONT ST. GILES', and take upon us, for one day at least, the toils of pilgrimage, in honour of him who has enabled us to look upon the gloomy "fabric huge" of Pandemonium, and the bright gardens of Paradise.

Leaving Eton, we pass on through Slough, and up towards the high grounds of Stoke. Here suggestive mementos of England's worthy dead rise before us. The white spire of the Church bids us remember the quiet burial place of Gray. The cenotaph, raised by Mr. Penn to the memory of the Poet, is visible through the foliage. We see the very trees which surround the church-yard, and give to it that solemn calm, that stillness like the hush of night, so beautifully appropriate to the places where the once busy workers of the world are sleeping.

From Stoke, the Chalfont road lies over breezy heaths and commons, which stretch for miles across the country. In the time of Milton, this part of Buckinghamshire was far wilder and more desolate than in the year 1855. The face of the landscape was however a matter of no concern to Milton; he had, when he reached Chalfont, been blind for twelve years, and all his ideas of beauty were dependent on the memory of those fair forms of nature, on which he had, in earlier times, gazed with the loving rapture of an enthusiast.

Passing Gerrard's Cross, and leaving Chalfont St. Peter's to the right, we soon descend into the long winding vale, in the sheltering recesses of which lies Chalfont St. Giles'. The first noticeable object is the time-worn church tower: at sight of this, we pause to receive our first impressions of the spot where the blind bard found a refuge from the pestilence. The village street stretches along the bottom of a narrow vale, which at this point seems just wide enough to contain the little rustic world of Chalfont. Having satisfied ourselves by

this survey of the vale, we proceed down the hill towards the village, and in a few minutes stand in Chalfont St. Giles'. Where is the house of Milton? We looked on every side for some quaint mansion, marked by the fingers of time, and rich with antique carved work on porch and windows. We might have spared our trouble; such was not the sort of house the bard had inhabited.

At the extreme end of Chalfont stands a white-washed cottage, the last house in the village; the front looks up the Amersham road; a small garden extends a few yards before the entrance; a vine mantles over the whitened walls; and a plain wooden fence separates the garden from the high road. No mark of earthly greatness, no sign of wealth, attracts the passing traveller: there are ten thousand simple cottages in England more fitted to arrest the stranger's glance, than the house at which we are looking. But we see a tablet on the old vine-covered wall, and on it is written the word "MILTON." We are indeed on the very spot where the author of the Paradise Lost must have often walked. We enter the house, and see two old-fashioned and low-roofed rooms, in one of which we feel assured Milton often sat dictating his magnificent verses to his wife. A hill, gently rising in front of the house, shuts out all view of the world beyond: the land also rises both on the right hand and on the left, thus increasing the isolation of the spot. Probably Milton, whose love for beautiful scenery was a passion, would not have chosen a home with so limited a prospect, had he then retained the power of observing external beauty. The cottage

appears to have once possessed one of those antique porches, which give a richness to so many old door-ways. This has disappeared, and the ancient entrance is now blocked up; the present door-way having been opened a little to the right of the original passage. The change is much to be regretted: the loss of the old porch is an especial source of disappointment to every thoughtful visitor: for in that porch the poet has no doubt often sat, and there he probably meditated on the reception which the Paradise Lost would meet with from the men of his own generation. We know that Milton was accustomed to seat himself, wrapped in a loose gown, in some sunny nook, where undisturbed he might yield himself to the elevating or subduing influences of the passing hour. The quietude of Chalfont, and the solemn musings which the pestilence would suggest, must have been especially favourable to such a habit. However, it is as useless to lament over the disappearance of this porch as over the destruction of Shakespeare's mulberry tree.

Whilst standing in the street of Chalfont, we pictured to ourselves the form of Milton slowly pacing down the same street, leaning on the arm of his young quaker friend Elwood. Probably the poet often passed in this direction, to visit his acquaintance Isaac Pennington, the retired London alderman, who had purchased an estate at Chalfont St. Peter's. What did the rustics of the village think of the bright spirit then walking to and fro amongst them? He probably found but little good-will: the death of Cromwell, and the restoration of Charles had broken up the once solid phalanx of the Puritans: their prestige had departed, and little honour would be

given to him who had stood in their foremost rank. The good folks of Chalfont would be aware that the blind man, who had come amongst them, had defended the killing of the king, and attacked the bishops. They would also see that he was still a friend of Separatists, and consorted even with the hated and despised quakers. Milton had however a few tried friends in this very neighbourhood, and this may have led to the choice of Chalfont as his place of refuge, until the pestilence had spent its force.

The house was selected by Elwood the quaker, who was then a tutor in the family of Isaac Pennington. This Elwood was the son of a country gentleman, but having embraced with the greatest ardour the doctrines and practices of the "Friends," had left his father's house, and now associated chiefly with quakers. He had, when a boy, received at least the elements of a classical education; but being enthusiastically desirous of extending his knowledge, had procured an introduction to Milton, who needed the services of a reader. This duty Elwood discharged daily whilst in London. When the young quaker left the metropolis for Buckinghamshire, he took up his abode at Chalfont St. Peter's. Upon the breaking out of the plague, Milton determined to abandon for a time his home in Bunhill Fields, and requested Elwood to select a house in the neighbourhood of Chalfont. Elwood in his own life says, "I took a pretty box for him in Giles' Chalfont."

Elwood was not able to welcome the arrival of his late master to Chalfont; for when Milton reached the village, he learned that his quaker pupil was in Aylesbury gaol.

To this prison he had been committed, with a large company of Friends, for presuming to join in religious worship at the meetings of the quakers. He was, however, soon released, and immediately hastened to visit his former teacher.

It was a memorable visit for Elwood, whose connection with Milton has preserved his name from oblivion. The learning of Barclay, and the energy of Penn, have fixed their names on high before men: but Elwood is now remembered chiefly as the associate of Milton. This connection brought him no common honour. Into his hands, when he visited Chalfont, the poet delivered the manuscript of the Paradise Lost. Had Charles, the restored king, first received into his royal hands that immortal poem, succeeding ages would have regarded the event as the brightest in that monarch's life. It fell however to the lot of an almost unknown quaker to receive the honour, for which the greatest sovereign might have contended. Elwood, in his autobiography, mentions his visit to Milton at Chalfont, and then he says,—"After some common discourses had passed between us, he called for a manuscript of his, which, being brought, he delivered to me, bidding me to take it home with me, and read it at my leisure, and when I had so done, return it to him, with my judgment thereupon. When I came home, and set myself to read it, I found it was that excellent poem, which he entitled Paradise Lost."

It is well known that Elwood, on returning the manuscript, suggested to Milton the composition of the Paradise Regained. The man who, in that manuscript,

had read how angelic hosts were ruined, and the human race expelled from its fair primeval home, might with reason ask, "What hast thou to say about Paradise Found?" We are therefore entitled to consider this plain cottage at Chalfont as the spot where the Paradise Lost was first made known to the intimate friends of Milton: nor are we less justified in regarding it as the birth-place of the Paradise Regained.*

As we took a last look at those old and honoured rooms, we pictured to our minds the Poet pacing to and fro, meditating on the fate of his great work. More than twenty years before, he had boldly proclaimed to the world that his mind was musing on the composition of a great poem. Nobly was the hope uttered in these words,—"He might perhaps leave something so written in after times, as they should not willingly let it die." He had now chosen a subject far more majestic than was ever unfolded in the dramas or epics of the ancients. But whatever anxieties he may have felt as to the success of his Poem, they were kept in his own heart: not a syllable of doubt was uttered even to his trusted friend. Elwood's words are to be noted,—"After some *common* discourse had passed between us, he called for a manuscript of his." The *common* discourse was doubtless but the natural covering which reserved men often adopt to veil their most intense emotions.

We must now take our leave of Chalfont St. Giles'; but we shall, through many a year, keep in our hearts

* Mr. Todd, in his Life of Milton, calls the house at Chalfont the "Incunabula of the Paradise Regained." "I should," says he, "approach it as a Tibur, or a Tusculum."

the memory of this time-worn cottage. We shall often, in moments of solitary musing, recall the thoughts and revive the emotions produced by our first visit to this quiet retreat of the poet.

Horton, the other residence of Milton in the neighbourhood of Eton, claims a short notice. To some lovers of Milton, this village suggests more impressive recollections of the poet than Chalfont. It was to Horton he retired immediately after leaving Cambridge. Here he passed six years of his life, from 1631 to 1637, in a deeper study of the Greek and Roman poets: here he extended his researches into the rich field of Italian literature: here he communed with the mighty masters of English song,—Chaucer, Spenser, Jonson, Shakspeare, and Fletcher: here he elaborately disciplined his wonderful powers of versification, and gave, in the "linked sweetness long drawn out," a further proof of the masculine force and rich beauty of the English tongue: here too the Allegro, the Penseroso, and the Comus, were probably composed. It is not therefore without reason that Horton claims remembrance, when the name of Milton is mentioned. To Horton then we will go.

Leaving Windsor, and proceeding through the soft woodland scenery of the Home Park, we cross the Thames by the Victoria Bridge, and in half-an-hour find ourselves passing through Datchet. Stepping forward for another half-hour, we reach Horton. Here then we are again treading the lanes where, in his younger days, the mighty Poet walked. But one disappointment awaits him who enters Horton, searching for memorials of

Milton. Not a vestige remains of the house in which he lived. At Chalfont we mourned the loss of the old porch, but here not one stone has been left upon another, not one suggestive mark remains. The *site* of his former home is however well known.

A modern mansion occupies the spot where once stood the house of Milton. The situation is retired, without being secluded. It is just beyond the sound of the village hum, yet from its windows the chimneys and roofs of each peasant home are visible. The ancient church tower, now garlanded with ivy, must have stood in full view of the old house. The embattled keep of Windsor Castle bounded the prospect on one side, whilst on the other the hills of Surrey, looking down on Runnymede, presented their outlines to the poet's eye.

We asked an old man who, by the help of a stout stick, was limping along the road,—"Is that the place where Milton's house stood?" "Yes, sir," was his answer, "that it is, but it's all gone now; and," continued the man with some vehemence, "the old tree where he used to sit and write poetry, that's gone too." How proudly might Horton have felt, had both the house and the tree been preserved. No place in England could then have exhibited such memorials of Milton's early days. The men of the last generation were able to look upon these expressive remembrancers of the poet, for the old house appears to have remained till the year 1798.

The mother of the great poet lies buried in the chancel of the parish church. The villagers seem to pride themselves on this indubitable and sole visible sign

of their connection with the history of the bard. One little incident seems to prove this. Being unacquainted with Horton, we were uncertain in what direction the church or the site of Milton's abode was to be looked for. Turning about for some guide, we noticed a neat matronly-looking woman tending her little cottage garden. Without any preface we put the question, "Do you know where Milton's house stood?" "Indeed, I don't," said she; "but I dare say the clerk does: but, sir, Milton's mother is buried in the church,—that I know." Poor woman! how natural was her feeling, that the *mother* of a great man should bear some portion of his honour. We entered the church, having paused for a minute to note the fine ancient door-way at the north end, and immediately came upon the grave of "Sara Milton." In the centre of the chancel a dark slab lies level with the floor; it bears no heraldic devices, not one word of praise or regret meets the eye: three lines of rather rudely carved letters tell the simple but solemn tale:—

HEARE LYETH THE BODY OF SARA MILTON THE WIFE OF
JOHN MILTON WHO DIED
THE 3RD OF APRIL 1637.

The mother appears to have been the link which bound the poet to Horton: after her death he departed on a tour through Italy, and this village saw him no more.

We have now visited the two former homes of Milton in the neighbourhood of Eton : we have seen him meditating in the old house at Chalfont,—his sight gone, and his fame attacked by the furies of civil strife ; and we have marked him elate with hope, and full of grand aspirings, in his father's mansion at Horton. Perhaps many readers may here express a wish to learn something of the other places in which the great poet passed his days, or which are connected with his name. A short enumeration of these must suffice.

He was born in London, December 9th, 1608, at his father's residence, the Spread Eagle, in Bread Street. No one need seek for this house, it was destroyed in the great fire of 1666. The eagle, the crest of the family, seems to us a singularly appropriate sign for the mansion in which the sublimest of poets began his life. The boy was baptized December 20th, at All-Hallows', Bread Street, where we read in the registry, "XX day of December, 1608, was baptized John, son of John Milton, Scrivenor." St. Paul's School gave the first public training to the future poet ; and Christ's College, Cambridge, received him in his seventeenth year. The College entry is, "Johannes Milton, Londinensis, filius Johannis, institutus fuit in literarum elementis sub magistro Gill, gymnasii Paulini præfecto, admissus est pensionarius minor, Feb. 12, 1624."

After taking his degree at Cambridge, he retired to Horton, having refused either to take Orders or be called to the Bar. The time from 1637 to 1639, was spent in making the tour of Italy. Returning to England, he

took lodgings in St. Bride's Churchyard, Fleet Street,* where his toils as a tutor commenced, the first pupils being his two nephews, John and Edward Phillips.

We next trace him to what is called "a garden house" in Aldersgate Street, where the number of his scholars increased. His labours were not however limited to the drilling of boys in Greek and Latin, as he now entered with an impetuous eagerness into the fierce political and theological struggles of the time. But teaching and polemics did not wholly absorb his mind. In the Whitsuntide of 1643, he found time to marry his first wife, Mary Powell, though it appears the courting was rather brief. One of his friends observed, "that Milton returned a married man, having a month before gone out a bachelor." The lady having lived where there was "much company, merriment, and dancing," was not fitted to be a companion for the man who cared more for Poetry and Politics than for all the dancing and merriment in Europe, and she soon returned to her father in Oxfordshire. It is quite unnecessary to repeat in this place the well-known story of their short separation and subsequent reconciliation.

We next find Milton living in Barbican, and in 1647 in a house in Holborn, from which he removed in 1649, to his abode in Scotland-Yard, having been appointed Secretary for the "Foreign Tongues" to the Council of State. We read, in the records of this body, the following resolution,—"Ordered that Mr. John Milton be employed as Secretary for Foreign Tongues to this

* This house appears to have stood till 1824, when it was destroyed by fire.

Council." When his sight was gone, which happened in 1653, he gave up the more arduous duties of the office, still receiving pay at the rate of "15*s.* 10½*d.* per diem," and removed to a "pretty garden house, in Petty France, in Westminster, opening into St. James' Park." In this house his son and wife died, and to this abode he brought his second wife, Catherine Woodcock, whom, in one of his sonnets, he calls "my late espoused saint." This building yet remains, and on the front is a tablet, placed there by Hazlitt, bearing the words—"Sacred to Milton, the Prince of Poets."

After the restoration he was concealed for a short time in the house of a friend in Bartholomew Close: but powerful friends, and probably the fame of his learning and genius, saved him from any very serious molestation. We next find him living for a short time in Holborn, near Red Lion Fields, and afterwards in Jewin Street. While here, he married Elizabeth Minshull, his third wife, in 1664, and about the same time became acquainted with Elwood. When the plague broke out, Milton was residing in Bunhill Fields, and to this home we find him returning after his departure from Chalfont. Here his removals end. The great Poet died in his home in Bunhill Fields, on Sunday, November the 8th, 1674.

The temper of the predominant political party probably withheld from Westminster Abbey the honour of giving a grave to Milton. Foreigners naturally expect to find, in this magnificent home of the illustrious dead, the tomb of so famous a Poet. But those who would see the grave of Milton must repair to the church of St.

Giles', Cripplegate, where, in the central aisle, formerly the chancel, John Milton, the Scrivenor, and his famous Son are both buried. The entry of the Poet's burial, and the cause of his death, are thus given in the Parish Register,—"John Milton, Gentleman, Consumption. Chancel, 12th Nov. 1674."

This brief enumeration of the principal localities connected with the history of Milton will be sufficient for the readers of this notice; our main purpose in these lines being, not to write a Life of Milton, but to note the vestiges of his former presence in the neighbourhood of Eton.

The *Allegro* and *Penseroso*, which have been selected for this volume, are described by Mr. Macaulay as "collections of hints, from each of which the reader is to make out a poem for himself. Every epithet is a text for a stanza." They do not, it is true, offer those soul moving-passages and lines glowing with a fiery intensity which abound in the Paradise Lost; but they are rich with beautiful touches, and exemplify the sweetness of Milton's verse.

Of these two Poems it has been well said by Mr. Hallam, "they satisfy the critics, and delight mankind." With this estimate of their merits, we leave the reader to enjoy each beauty, and note every excellence in these productions of MILTON.

L'ALLEGRO.

Hence, loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn,
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy!
Find out some uncouth cell,
Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,
And the night-raven sings;
There under ebon shades and low-brow'd rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.
But come, thou Goddess fair and free,
In Heav'n yclep'd Euphrosyne,
And by men, heart-easing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus, at a birth,
With two sister Graces more,
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore;
Or whether (as some sages sing)
The frolic wind, that breathes the spring,
Zephyr, with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a-Maying;

There on beds of violets blue
And fresh-blown roses, wash'd in dew,
Fill'd her with thee, a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.
Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity,
Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek ;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it as you go
On the light fantastic toe ;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty ;
And, if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreproved pleasures free ;
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise ;
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow,
Through the sweet-briar, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine ;

While the cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of Darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly struts his dames before :
Oft list'ning how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumb'ring morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill :
Some time walking, not unseen,
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate,
Where the great sun begins his state,
Robed in flames, and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight ;
While the ploughman near at hand
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
Whilst the landscape round it measures,
Russet lawns and fallows grey,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray,
Mountains on whose barren breast
The labouring clouds do often rest,
Meadows trim, with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks and rivers wide.

Towers and battlements it sees
Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some Beauty lies,
The cynosure of neighbouring eyes.
Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes,
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis, met,
Are at their savoury dinner set
Of herbs and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phyllis dresses ;
And then in haste her bower she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves ;
Or, if the earlier season lead,
To the tann'd haycock in the mead.
Sometimes, with secure delight,
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecs sound
To many a youth and many a maid,
Dancing in the chequer'd shade ;
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holy-day,
Till the live-long day-light fail ;
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
With stories told of many a feat,
How faery Mab the junkets eat ;
She was pinch'd, and pull'd, she said,
And he by friars' lantern led ;

Tells how the drudging goblin swet,
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn,
That ten day-labourers could not end;
Then lies him down the lubber fiend,
And, stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength;
And crop-full out of door he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whisp'ring winds soon lull'd asleep.
Tower'd cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
In weeds of peace, high triumphs hold,
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit, or arms, while both contend
To win her grace, whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With mask and antique pageantry;
Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on,

Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.
And ever, against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal Verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony ;
That Orpheus' self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heap'd Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite set free
His half-regain'd Eurydice.
These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

IL PENSEROSO.

HENCE, vain deluding Joys,
The brood of Folly, without father bred!
How little you bested,
Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys!
Dwell in some idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
As thick and numberless
As the gay motes that people the sun-beams:
Or likest hovering dreams,
The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.
But hail, thou Goddess, sage and holy,
Hail, divinest Melancholy!
Whose saintly visage is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight,
And therefore, to our weaker view,
O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue;
Black, but such as in esteem
Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,
Or that starr'd Ethiop queen, that strove
To set her beauty's praise above

The sea-nymphs, and their powers offended;
Yet thou art higher far descended:
Thee bright-hair'd Vesta, long of yore,
To solitary Saturn bore;
His daughter she (in Saturn's reign
Such mixture was not held a stain):
Oft in glimmering bowers and glades
He met her, and in secret shades
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
While yet there was no fear of Jove.

Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, stedfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of Cyprus lawn,
Over thy decent shoulders drawn:
Come, but keep thy wonted state,
With even step, and musing gait,
And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes:
There, held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble, till
With a sad leaden downward cast
Thou fix them on the earth as fast:
And join with thee calm Peace and Quiet,
Spare fast, that oft with Gods doth diet,
And hears the Muses in a ring
Aye round about Jove's altar sing:

And add to these retired Leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure.
But first, and chiefest, with thee bring
Him that yon soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
The Cherub Contemplation;
And the mute Silence hist along,
'Less Philomel will deign a song,
In her sweetest, saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of night,
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke
Gently o'er th' accustom'd oak:
Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!
Thee, chauntress, oft the woods among
I woo, to hear thy even-song;
And, missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wandering moon,
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the heaven's wide pathless way;
And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft, on a plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off curfew sound,
Over some wide-water'd shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar;

Or, if the air will not permit,
Some still removed place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom;
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the bellman's drowsy charm,
To bless the doors from nightly harm.
Or let my lamp, at midnight hour,
Be seen in some high lonely tower,
Where I may oft out-watch the Bear,
With thrice great Hermes, or unsphere
The spirit of Plato to unfold
What worlds, or what vast regions, hold
Th' immortal mind, that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook;
And of those demons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whose power hath a true consent
With planet, or with element.
Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
In scepter'd pall come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine,
Or what (though rare) of later age
Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage.
But, O sad Virgin, that thy power
Might raise Musæus from his bower;

Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes as, warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made Hell grant what love did seek!
Or call up him that left half told
The story of Cambuscan bold,
Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
And who had Canace to wife,
That own'd the virtuous ring and glass,
And of the wondrous horse of brass,
On which the Tartar king did ride;
And if aught else great bards beside
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of turneys, and of trophies hung,
Of forests and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.
Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-suited Morn appear,
Not trick'd and frounced as she was wont
With the Attic boy to hunt,
But kerchief'd in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or usher'd with a shower still,
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves,
With minute drops from off the eaves.
And, when the Sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, Goddess, bring

To arched walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,
Of pine or monumental oak,
Where the rude axe with heaved stroke
Was never heard the Nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.
There in close covert by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from day's garish eye,
While the bee with honied thigh,
That at her flowery work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring,
With such concert as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feather'd sleep :
And let some strange mysterious dream
Wave, at his wings, in aery stream
Of lively portraiture display'd,
Softly on my eye-lids laid.
And, as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
Or th' unseen Genius of the wood.
But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloister's pale,
And love the high-embowed roof,
With antique pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light.

There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full-voiced quire below,
In service high, and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all heaven before mine eyes.
And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit, and rightly spell
Of every star that Heav'n doth shew,
And every herb that sips the dew;
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.
These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
And I with thee will choose to live.

COWLEY,

[BORN 1618—DIED 1667.]

COWLEY.

CHERTSEY can shew to the antiquary some time-worn fragments of an ancient Abbey, and can tell many a legend of the old times, when mitred abbots rode in her streets. The tourist finds, in the immediate neighbourhood, those diversified prospects which the wooded hills, the winding Thames, and the pleasant meads and parks of Surrey combine to form.

But we did not visit Chertsey to collect mouldering relics of bygone times, to illustrate Saxon and Norman charters, or even to admire the quiet beauties of the scenery. The object of our journey was to see the house where COWLEY passed the last years of his life, and to stand for a few minutes within the room where this once famous poet died.

The South-Western Railway brought us, in a quarter of an hour, from Windsor to Staines. Thence, passing along the banks of the Thames to Laleham, we crossed the river by the ferry, and proceeded to Chertsey through the Abbey meads. We entered the town, and having passed down Guildford Street, were soon standing before an edifice called "*The Porch-House*." On the front we read the significant words, "HERE THE LAST

ACCENTS FLOWED FROM COWLEY'S TONGUE." To this place the Poet retired, to find compensation for many disappointments in the quiet pleasures of rural life, and in the visits of merry-hearted and trusted friends. The house is now *in* the town; but, in the time of Cowley, was probably separated from the main street by meadows and pasture lands. The mansion is now joined, on one side, to other buildings, and has no longer the appearance of a retreat from the world. A large porch formerly projected ten feet into the road, and gave to the building the distinctive name of *The Porch-House;* but the porch became an obstruction in the street, and was pulled down in the year 1786. The reason for the removal is very properly stated in an inscription on the front of the house. In former times the scholar would have looked with a deeper interest on this mansion, for just above the porch was a tablet inscribed with the Latin epitaph written by the poet on himself. This elegant composition is given, as a specimen of Cowley's Latin verse, among the selected pieces at end the of this notice.

Within the house we were anxious to see two Rooms only,—the Study in which Cowley had often sat, and the Room in which he died. We entered the former, and could not refrain from an exclamation of surprise at the smallness of the chamber: it seems about two yards square, and appears more like a closet than a study. It is clear that Cowley could not have conveniently indulged in the habit of walking to and fro whilst meditating. This room, however, had one charm, which compensated for the want of space. From the window

the Poet saw immediately before him the rich slope of St. Anne's Hill, and further to the right the far-famed Cooper's Hill added its diversified beauties to the prospect. These hills are now hardly visible from the small window, in consequence of the flourishing trees which have grown up since the time of Cowley, and now interpose their luxuriant foliage between this window and the distant country. The general style of Cowley's poetry does not lead us to class him among men endowed with a keen perception of natural beauty; but he was a thoughtful man, and therefore could not have been insensible to the pure and soothing influence of rich and quiet landscapes. The room still retains the appearance of a study, and Cowley's portrait looks from the wall on every visitor. The chamber in which the poet died is close to the study, so close that only a small passage separates them.

We must not however look upon this house as the place where Cowley composed his Poems, but as the retreat of the Poet from care and business. It was, in a word, not his arena, but his asylum. The grounds of the house were well suited to the habits of a pensive man. They lie away from the high road and the town, and look towards the open pastures and the hills. A rippling stream, the Bourne, flows for some distance by the garden, and tempers the heats of summer by its cooling waters. Near this, beneath the shade of yew trees, tradition says Cowley was accustomed to sit, and the spot is still called "*Cowley's Arbour.*" The whole period of the poet's abode in this house did not extend to three years. We find him in Chertsey in the year

1665, when, in a letter to Dr. Thomas Spratt, he expresses his hope of an early meeting with his old friends, ands ays, "Then you, and I, and the Dean* might be very merry upon St. Anne's Hill" This was written soon after he had fixed his residence in Chertsey; and in little more than two years after, on July 28th, 1667, the most extolled poet of the time died, at the age of forty-nine.

Cowley had selected Chertsey as a home, because *The Porch-House* was annexed to the Queen's farm, of which he had obtained a lease. This lease was the poet's only reward for many important services rendered to the royal family during the civil war. Even this amount of favour was not obtained without strong opposition. His Ode on Cromwell, in which he had lauded the genius and wisdom of the Protector, had provoked the rage of many royalists. It was in vain that poor Cowley made all possible amends, by heaping scornful epithets on the head of the man whom he had before eulogized. Nothing however could blot out the words of praise on Cromwell. It seemed therefore that Cowley's reward for past labours in the royal cause would be effectually forfeited by reason of his unlucky verses. When he represented the smallness of his income, and the troubles he had suffered for the king, Clarendon is reported to have replied, "Mr. Cowley, your pardon is a sufficient reward." Fortunately for the poet, he had at least two friends at court,—the Earl of St. Alban's, to whom he had been Secretary during the war, and the Duke of

* Dean Spratt.

Buckingham. These united their influence in his behalf. The result was, that Cowley obtained a lease of some crown lands, on such advantageous terms, that Bishop Spratt, one of his intimate friends, declares the Poet obtained "a plentiful estate."

Cowley had now found retirement; but he brought to his retreat a broken constitution, and a body too enfeebled to participate in the active pleasures of a country life. While residing at Barn-Elms,* he was attacked by a slow fever, the consequences of which followed him to Chertsey: indeed, Spratt says, "He scarce ever recovered his former health." To judge from Cowley's own words, the beginning of his Chertsey experiences was doleful enough to have made even the most cheerful man pensive. He took cold in his new house; this kept him to his room for ten days: soon afterwards he had a fall, which broke one of his ribs. This was bad enough for a beginning; but more troubles were behind. His tenants could not or would not pay their rents, and the cattle of the neighbouring farmers broke into his pasture grounds. "It can end," exclaims Cowley, "in nothing less than hanging." We may however hope that the tenants became more punctual, and the farmers more careful; and that the Poet found at last the repose for which he sought. He appears to have entered into many of the occupations of country life, and his last illness was caused by a cold taken in the hay-making season. His friend Spratt says, "In the heat of the last summer, by staying too long amongst

* This house was within a mile of Barnes, but was pulled down many years ago.

his labourers in the meadows, he was taken with a violent defluxion and stoppage in his breast and throat : this he at first neglected, as an ordinary cold, and refused to send for his usual physician, till it was past all remedies ; and so in the end, after a fortnight's sickness, it proved mortal to him." The body of Cowley was borne from Chertsey to Westminster Abbey, followed by great numbers of the most eminent men of his day. He was buried near Chaucer and Spenser, and men of all classes united to build up his fame. The learned lamented the loss of a brother scholar, and the poets mourned over the early death of an admired and ingenious bard.

The former popularity of Cowley is a cause of much perplexity to the modern critic. He can hardly understand how it came to pass that a writer, now almost unread, should have been ranked with the greatest poets of antiquity. Cowley was the fashionable poet of his age ; no writer received praises like those which were showered upon him. Some classed his works with those of Spenser and Shakespeare ; others placed him above all the preceding poets of his native land. Nor was this the judgment of inferior men, but the decision of the highest judges in literature. Sir John Denham declared, that posterity would rank Cowley with Virgil, and that he united in himself the natural genius of Shakespeare and Fletcher, with the artistic power of Spenser and Jonson. Dryden calls him "the darling of my youth, the famous Cowley." Spratt, the bishop of Worcester, not only described the works of Cowley as "immortal

monuments," but calls him the "English Ovid, Anacreon, Pindar, and Virgil." In his ecstatic admiration, the bishop exclaims, "What angel sat upon thy pen when thou didst write?" In another verse, he calls Cowley the eagle and Pindar the wren. Even the sublime Milton classed the Poet of Chertsey with the brightest names in English literature. As we descend nearer to our own times, we hear Cowper, whose taste was pure and natural, expressing his love for Cowley, whom he well characterizes, in *The Winter Evening*, as the "ingenious Cowley," but justly adds—

> "I cannot but lament thy splendid wit,
> "Entangled in the cobwebs of the schools."

We must however remember that Cowley was not a poet only,—he was a scholar, a theologian, and a man of science. Denham says, "To him no author was unknown;" and bishop Spratt declares, "his learning was large and profound, well composed of all ancient and modern knowledge." An examination of his works will show that his reading was extensive. References and allusions to the Grecian and Roman classics meet the reader at every turn. The ancient Christian Fathers had also received much of his attention, and he formed a plan for collecting into one view the opinions and practices of the primitive church, beginning with the Apostolic times, and extending his researches through the first five centuries. Death prevented the execution of this design, but the scheme shows the scholarly habits of the man. On all occasions indeed Cowley showed a strong and even vehement desire for the advancement of learning and true philosophy.

Whatever then we may think of Cowley as a poet, we cannot but admire him as an earnest student and noble-hearted scholar. If we forget Cowley the poet, and look upon Cowley the man, there is much in his character which will please all, and a little which all will condemn. He appears before us as a reflective, but unimpassioned man,—panting for fame, yet eager for solitude; rather disposed to chide the world, but perfectly satisfied with his own friends.

The absence of an energetic imagination and strong decision are noticable defects in Cowley's character. He was certainly a royalist in heart, yet praised Cromwell in an elaborate Ode. He affected to despise honours, yet published his disappointments, and applied to himself the appellation of "the melancholy Cowley." He was nevertheless a man whom few could know without esteeming. His simple habits, kindness of heart, easy yet dignified manners, and his extensive knowledge of men and books, made his friendship prized by all who knew him intimately. The king himself, when he heard of the Poet's death, declared—"Mr. Cowley has not left a better man behind him in England."

A short narrative of his life may furnish the reader with additional means for arriving at a correct estimate of our Poet's character.

Abraham Cowley was born in 1618, in the city of London, of which his father was a trader and citizen, a grocer according to Dr. Johnson, but a stationer according to Mr. Cunningham. The father died before

Cowley was born, and the education of the boy became the great work of his mother. She soon saw the manifestations of an ardent love of reading, and of an unusual quickness and activity of mind. To guide these tendencies to high and noble ends, seems to have been the great object of her care. But one of those occurrences which we call accidents, gave that decisive direction to the thoughts of the child, which made Cowley a poet. Soon after he had learned to read, he met with a copy of *The Fairie Queene*. The boy opened and read; but, as he read, new emotions and bolder thoughts stirred up his spirit. The springs of fancy began to flow, and poetry became the business of his life. He was early sent to Westminster School; but the boy carried the stanzas of Spenser in his heart, and devoted his spare time to verse. At the age of ten, Cowley wrote a poem; another, when twelve; and composed a comedy entitled "*Love's Riddle*," at an age when most children think more of games than of dramas. His first written work was printed when he was in his fifteenth year. We admit that these early works have little of the poetic in them, but they indicate a singularly early talent for versification. A boy who, at the age of ten, writes a poem, is at least a proper subject for some degree of wonder.

In 1636 Cowley entered Trinity College, Cambridge; and whilst there composed the greater part of his principal poem, "*The Davideis*, or, *the Troubles of David*." Of this work Johnson says, "The materials could not have been collected without the study of many years,

but by a mind of the greatest vigour and activity." In 1643, after he had taken his degree of M. A., the parliamentary party expelled him from Cambridge. He took refuge in St. John's College, Oxford, from which he published a satire on his foes, the Puritans. These however soon had their revenge: Oxford was taken by the army of the Parliament, and Cowley retired in the suite of the Queen to France. Here he became secretary to Lord Jermyn, afterwards Earl St. Alban's, and was actively employed in managing the correspondence between the King and the Queen. As these communications were carried on by means of ciphers, Cowley's work was often laborious, and always of the utmost importance. His love of publishing, or his desire of fame, urged him, even at such an eventful time, to print one of his poems.

While the King's affairs were in the midst of the great crisis in 1647,—the year in which Charles was delivered up by the Scotch, and in which he was carried off to the army by the daring Joyce,—in this very year Cowley was occupied in publishing his long love-poem, entitled "*The Mistress*." The news of the King's death, which exasperated the bold, and confounded the timid among the royalists, forced Cowley from his muse, and drew him again to business and politics.

In 1656 he took the bold step of coming to England, to carry on some negociations with the royal party. He was soon discovered, and thrown into prison. The ruling powers do not however appear to have regarded the writer of "*The Mistress*" as a formidable conspirator. He was released on procuring security for his

good behaviour in the sum of a thousand pounds. His friend Dr. Scarborough became his bail, and the Poet has repaid the favour by a Pindaric Ode, in which praises of the doctor's skill are mixed up with many fantastic illustrations of the powers of medicine.

Cowley again betook himself to his verses, and in this very year of his peril published an edition of his Poems. In the Preface, he told the public that "he wished to retire himself to the American plantations, and to forsake this world for ever." He now became a physician, and obtained the degree of M. D. from Oxford. It was insinuated that the Doctor was but a disguise to cover the conspirator. Cowley was however too cautious to exasperate his foes, and, when Cromwell died, the Poet attended the funeral, and wrote an Ode in praise of the man, whom he shortly after pronounced "accursed." The Restoration came, and Cowley's hopes of reward rose high. The King probably made some promise,—the Mastership of the Savoy was even hinted at as a suitable gift; but the promises of Charles were but empty words: the Savoy was given to another; and Cowley was thought exceedingly fortunate to get the lease of the Queen's land at Chertsey.

The verses which now follow will, it is hoped, enable the reader to form a correct estimate of the general character of Cowley's Poetry. The taste of the age for which he wrote must be borne in mind; but the reader will find many passages which may even now be perused with pleasure. They will not, it is true, deeply move

our hearts, or charm us by a rich succession of beautiful images; but we shall at least become more fully acquainted with the poetry which delighted Wootton, Denham, Waller, and Dryden, and formed almost the only literature of the merry courtiers of Charles II.

The Poems of Cowley may be arranged in four classes,—the Miscellanies, the Anacreontics, the Pindarics, and his sacred Epic, The Davideis. From the first class we have selected three short pieces,—a part of the poem entitled *The Motto*, the verses on *The Death of Sir Henry Wootton*, and the first nine couplets of the poem *On Vandyke*. The Motto expresses the strong desire of Cowley for intellectual greatness and fame. The verses on Wootton and Vandyke exhibit to us the high regard in which both were held by their contemporaries. The four Odes from the Anacreontics will not be deemed bad specimens of Cowley's lyric verse. From the Pindarics we have selected but two pieces; the first contains the *Contrast between Pindar and Cowley*, and the second, *On Life and Fame*, includes the well-known couplet beginning—

"False marble, where?"

MISCELLANIES.

THE MOTTO.

Tentanda via est, etc.

What shall I do to be for ever known,
And make the age to come my own?
* * * *
Welcome great Stagirite,* and teach me now
All I was born to know.
Thy scholar's victories† thou dost far outdo;
He conquered th' earth, the whole world you.
Welcome learn'd Cicero, whose blest tongue and wit
Preserves Rome's greatness yet.
Thou art the first of Orators; only he,
Who best can praise thee, next must be.
Welcome the Mantuan swan, Virgil the wise,
Whose verse walks highest, but not flies:
Who brought green Poesie to her perfect age;
And made that Art which was a rage.
Tell me, ye mighty three, what shall I do
To be like one of you?

* Aristotle; so called from *Stagira*, his birth-place.

† Referring to the conquests of Alexander the Great, the pupil of Aristotle.

ON THE

DEATH OF SIR HENRY WOOTTON.*

What shall we say, since silent now is he,
Who when he spake, all things would silent be?
Who had so many languages in store,
That only fame shall speak of him in more.
Whom England now no more returned must see:
He's gone to heaven on his fourth embassy.
On earth he travell'd often; not to say
He'd been abroad, or pass'd loose time away.
In whatsoever land he chanc'd to come,
He read the men and manners, bringing home
Their wisdom, learning, and their piety,
As if he went to conquer, not to see.
So well he understood the most and best
Of tongues that Babel sent into the west,
Spoke them so truly, that he had (you'd swear)
Not only liv'd, but been born every where.
Justly each nation's speech to him was known,
Who for the world was made, not us alone.
Nor ought the language of that man be less
Who in his breast had all things to express.

* Sir Henry Wootton was born in 1568. He returned from his *third* Embassy to Venice before the death of James I. and in 1625 became Provost of Eton, which office he held until his death in 1639.

We say that learning's endless, and blame fate
For not allowing life a longer date.
He did the utmost bounds of knowledge find,
He found them not so large as was his mind.
But, like the brave Pellæan youth, did moan
Because that art had no more worlds than one.
And when he saw that he through all had past,
He died, lest he should idle grow at last.

ON THE
DEATH OF SIR ANTHONY VANDYKE,
THE FAMOUS PAINTER.*

Vandyke is dead; but what bold Muse shall dare
(Though poets in that word with painters share)
T' express her sadness? Poesie must become
An art, like painting here, an art that's dumb.
Let's all our solemn grief in silence keep,
Like some sad picture which he made to weep,
Or those who saw't, for none his works could view
Unmov'd with the same passions which he drew.
His pieces so with their live objects strive,
That both or pictures seem, or both alive.

* Sir Anthony Vandyke was born at Antwerp in 1599. He took up his residence in England by the request of Charles I. who knighted him in 1632, and gave him a pension of £200. a year for life. He died in 1641, and was buried in St. Paul's.

Nature herself amaz'd, does doubting stand,
Which is her own, and which the painter's hand,
And does attempt the like with less success,
When her own work in twins she would express.
His all-resembling pencil did out-pass
The mimic imag'ry of looking-glass.
Nor was his life less perfect than his art,
Nor was his hand less erring than his heart.

ANACREONTICS.

LOVE.

I'LL sing of heroes, and of kings;
In mighty numbers, mighty things.
Begin, my Muse; but lo the strings
To my great song rebellious prove;
The strings will sound of nought but Love.
I broke them all, and put on new;
'Tis this or nothing sure will do.
These sure (said I) will me obey;
These sure heroic notes will play.
Straight I began with thundering Jove,

And all th' immortal powers but Love.
Love smil'd, and from my enfeebled lyre
Came gentle airs, such as inspire
Melting love, soft desire.
Farewell then heroes, farewell kings,
And mighty numbers, mighty things.
Love tunes my heart just to my strings.

AGE.

Oft am I by the women told,
Poor Anacreon, thou grow'st old!
Look how thy hairs are falling all;
Poor Anacreon, how they fall!
Whether I grow old or no,
By th' effects I do not know.
This I know without being told,
'Tis time to live, if I grow old.
'Tis time short pleasures now to take,
Of little life the best to make,
And manage wisely the last stake.

GOLD.

A mighty pain to love it is,
And 'tis a pain that pain to miss.
But of all pain the greatest pain
It is to love, but love in vain.
Virtue now, nor noble blood,
Nor wit by love is understood.
Gold alone does passion move,
Gold monopolizes love!
A curse on her, and on the man
Who this traffic first began!
A curse on him who found the ore!
A curse on him who digg'd the store!
A curse on him who did refine it!
A curse on him who first did coin it!
A curse, all curses else above,
On him who us'd it first in love!
Gold begets in brethren hate,
Gold in families debate,
Gold does friendships separate,
Gold does civil wars create.
These the smallest harms of it!
Gold, alas, does love beget.

THE GRASSHOPPER.

Happy insect, what can be
In happiness compared to thee?
Fed with nourishment divine,
The dewy morning's gentle wine!
Nature waits upon thee still,
And thy verdant cup does fill:
'Tis fill'd wherever thou dost tread,
Nature's self's the Ganymede.
Thou dost drink, and dance, and sing;
Happier than the happiest king!
All the fields which thou dost see,
All the plants belong to thee,
All that summer hours produce,
Fertile made with early juice.
Man for thee does sow and plough;
Farmer he, and landlord thou!
Thou dost innocently joy,
Nor does thy luxury destroy:
The shepherd gladly heareth thee,
More harmonious than he.
Thee country hinds with gladness hear,
Prophet of the ripened year!
Thee Phœbus loves, and does inspire:
Phœbus is himself thy sire.

To thee, of all things upon earth,
Life is no longer than thy mirth.
Happy insect, happy thou,
Dost neither age nor winter know.
But when thou'st drunk, and danc'd, and sung
Thy fill, the flowery leaves among,
(Voluptuous, and wise withal,
Epicurean animal!)
Satiated with thy summer feast,
Thou retir'st to endless rest.

PINDARICS.

PINDAR AND COWLEY.

Lo, how th' obsequious wind and swelling air
The Theban swan does upwards bear
Into the walks of clouds, where he does play,
And with extended wings opens his liquid way;
Whilst alas! my timorous Muse
Unambitious tracks pursues;
Does with weak unballast wings,
About the mossy brooks and springs,

About the trees new-blossom'd heads,
About the gardens painted beds,
About the fields and flowry meads,
And all inferior beauteous things,
Like the laborious bee,
For little drops of honey flee,
And there with humble sweets contents her industry.

LIFE AND FAME.

Oh life, thou nothing's younger brother!
So like, that one might take one for the other.
* * * *
Vain weak-built isthmus, which dost proudly rise
Up betwixt two eternities;
Yet canst not wave nor wind sustain,
But broken and o'erwhelm'd, the endless oceans meet again.

And with what rare inventions do we strive
Ourselves then to survive?
Wise, subtle arts, and such as well befit
That nothing man's no wit.
Some with vast costly tombs would purchase it,
And by the proofs of death pretend to live.
Here lies the great——False marble, where?
Nothing but small and sordid dust lies there.

EPITAPHIUM VIVI AUCTORIS.

Hic, O viator, sub lare parvulo,
Couleius hic est conditus, hic jacet
Defunctus humani laboris
Sorte, supervacuaque vita,

Non indecora pauperie nitens,
Et non inerti nobilis otio
Vanoque dilectis popello
Divitiis animosus hostis,

Possis ut illum dicere mortuum,
En terra jam nunc quantula sufficit?
Exempta sit curis, viator,
Terra sit illa levis, precare.

Hic sparge flores, sparge breves rosas,
Nam vita gaudet mortua floribus,
Herbisque odoratis corona
Vatis adhuc cinerem calentem.

DENHAM.

[BORN 1615—DIED 1668.]

DENHAM.

The country round EGHAM is noted for its breezy hills, quiet greens, rich meads, and wooded nooks. The poet and the artist discover in many parts of this landscape unusual combinations of scenic beauty; the historian and the statesman also find here those places which remind them of events connected with the dawn of English liberty. The patriot instinctively turns to *Runnymede* and *Magna Charta Island;* the poet loves to visit *Cooper's Hill,* and to gaze upon the scene which, more than two hundred years ago, suggested to SIR JOHN DENHAM the composition of the descriptive poem entitled "COOPER'S HILL."

In order to estimate this work aright, we should ascend the eminence, and survey the wide expanse of country described in the verses of Denham. Egham and Cooper's Hill are easily reached from Eton, either by rowing down the Thames, or by walking along its banks. It is necessary for us to visit both the town and the hill: in the former some portion of the Poet's life was most probably passed, and the latter will best illustrate the imagery of his Poem. The gently-flowing stream will be our fit guide to the places celebrated in Denham's

Poem. As we follow the windings of the river, and look into its clear depths, we shall feel the graceful propriety of his well-known description—

> "Though deep yet clear, though gentle yet not dull;
> Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full."

If our journey should happen on a bright and still summer's day, we shall feel the soothing and poetic influences of the shining river, as it sweeps by luxuriant meads and wooded slopes. As we advance, we shall see Cooper's Hill rising before us, and gradually disclosing its fulness of beauty. After a most pleasant walk, we can seat ourselves on the luxuriant grass of Runnymede, and take in at one view the rich and varied scenery of this famous hill.

We shall probably think of another summer's day, more than six hundred years ago, when, in the month of June, 1215, the feudal troops of the English barons covered the mead and hill. Here the Primate Langton then passed to and fro between John and the indignant peers; and on yonder wooded island was signed the Charter, which has given to this plain an undying fame. The landscape, with its four points of interest—Cooper's Hill, Runnymede, the River, and Magna Charta Island—forms a rich prospect. But when to these combined beauties of the scene, we add the historical and poetic ideas suggested by these far-famed places, we feel we are treading upon ground on which a powerful charm for ever rests.

The barons whose names are affixed to Magna Charta are almost forgotten; but our Courts of Justice, and the

Halls of the Legislature feel the spirit and utter the language of the great Charter. Denham too may be little regarded by the men of the nineteenth century, but his "*Cooper's Hill*" prepared the way for a school of landscape poets, who, endowed with a richer imagination, have composed pictures of scenic beauty, which rival the productions of the painter's art.

The reader of this Poem must suppose himself standing upon the summit of the hill, his face towards Runnymede and the river, with London in the distance on the one side, and the towers of Windsor Castle on the other. The dome of St. Paul's is visible in clear weather, but the pile described by Denham was, of course, the old cathedral, which the great fire destroyed. The view is rich, extensive, and diversified; meads, parks, and woods, stretch far before the eye; the river is seen slowly winding amid the pasture lands; and the whole prospect is bounded by a long line of distant hills, which enclose the wide expanse of this beautiful scene.

But let us now pass on, by Cooper's Hill and over Runnymede, to Egham. Half-an-hour will enable us to see all the memorials of the Denham family now remaining in the town. The mansion of Judge Denham, the father of the Poet, stood close to the church-yard, but the building was taken down two or three years ago. It was called by some "The Place," and by others "Denham House." In the Church are five marble effigies, all connected with the history of the Poet's family. The first is a figure of his father, Baron Denham, of the Court of Exchequer, who is represented rising from the tomb and shaking off the grave-clothes.

His robes are lying beneath him, and the words "*præterita sperno*" express a farewell to all his past greatness. In another part of the Church is a slab, on which is sculptured the figures of the two wives of Judge Denham, and of two of his children. The second wife, the mother of the Poet, holds an infant in her arms, and her son, afterwards the author of "*Cooper's Hill*," kneels near, dressed in a scarlet cloak. These monuments were placed in the chancel of the *old* Church, but they are now fixed on the stairs leading to the galleries.

The poor of Egham owe to Judge Denham the alms-houses at the foot of Egham Hill. These he endowed for the support of five poor and aged women, who had never received parish relief. Five alms-houses were erected by the Judge: the central one is a little higher than the others, and into its wall a stone is fixed, on which is the following brief, but rather singular inscription, "*Donum Dei et Deo*, 1624." It is clear, from the date on this tablet, that this building was finished fourteen years before Baron Denham's death, which happened in 1638.

The following brief outline of the life of Sir John Denham, the Poet, will furnish the reader with all necessary information respecting the author of "*Cooper's Hill*." He was born in 1615, in Dublin, where his father resided, being at that time Chief Baron of the Irish Court of Exchequer. In two years after the birth of his son, Sir John Denham returned to England, having been appointed a Baron of the English Exchequer. The future Poet was educated for some time in London,

but was no doubt frequently at his father's house in Egham, where he probably received his first impressions of that scenery which he afterwards celebrated in his Poem. In 1631, his father sent him to Trinity College, Oxford. Here he does not appear to have devoted himself with ardour, either to the studies of the place or to general literature. We do not find in young Denham the early mental activity of Cowley, or that tendency to classical learning so marked in some of his contemporaries.

In 1634, Denham became a student of Lincoln's Inn, where he appears to have sought excitement in gambling, rather than in the study of the Law. Poetry, however, had some share in his affections, for we find him in 1636 engaged in writing his "*Destruction of Troy*," a paraphrase of the second book of the Æneid.

When Denham took up his residence in London, the elements were gathering for the tempest which so soon afterwards burst upon England. His father was one of the Judges in the famous ship-money case, and gave his judgment for Hampden against the Crown. But the deepening excitement of the time does not seem to have aroused the mind of Denham. His father died at Egham in 1638, and the son was soon after made Sheriff of Surrey, and in 1642 was appointed by the King governor of Farnham Castle.

The war began; but Denham retired from the struggle to verse-making. The year of the battle of Edge-Hill, 1642, saw the first edition of "*Cooper's Hill.*" Such at least is the date on the title-page, on which we are told the verses were "Printed for Thomas Wakley, and are

to be sold at his shop, at the Signe of the Flying-Horse, between York House and Britain's Burse, 1642." He had previously published his tragedy entitled "*The Sophy*," and evidently surprised his friends by these exhibitions of poetic power. Waller expressed his amazement, by remarking that Denham had "broken out like the Irish rebellion, when no one expected it."

The king does not seem to have admired this devotion to poetry at such a critical time, and advised the Poet to leave his verses for more serious work. Denham, in the dedication of his Poems to Charles II. says, "After the delivery of your royal father's person into the hands of the army, I, undertaking to the queen mother that I would find some means to get access to him, she was pleased to send me, and by the help of Hugh Peters I got my admittance. One morning, waiting upon him at Causham,* smiling upon me, he said he had seen some verses of mine the evening before (those to Sir R. Fanshaw) . . . . . He was pleased to say that, though he liked them very well, he would advise me to write no more, alleging that when men are young, and have little else to do, they might vent the over-flowing of their fancy that way."

Denham was one of the persons employed in carrying on the royal correspondence during the war, and is said to have been selected to aid in taking Prince James from London to Paris, in 1648. But this alleged service is exceedingly doubtful, as James II. in his Memoirs makes no allusion whatever to such an employment of Denham. The Parliament declared his estate forfeited,

* Caversham, near Reading.

and bestowed it upon the puritan poet and soldier, George Wither.

After the death of the king, Denham was engaged either in writing and publishing his Poems, or in journeying into different countries to raise funds for Charles II. In 1658 he was sent, with Lord Crofts, into Poland, to obtain money from the Scotch traders residing in that kingdom. Some of these Scotchmen appear to have objected to make any advances whatever, but Denham, being supported by the Polish government, obtained upwards of £10,000 for the king. His works continued to be published during his absence from England, no fewer than five editions of "*Cooper's Hill*" having been printed before the year 1665. Probably some of these were given to the world without the author's knowledge; for the edition of 1665 has an address to the reader, in which it is declared, that all the previous copies were incorrect.

When the king was restored, Denham recovered his estates from Wither, for whom he is reported to have interceded, begging the king not to hang him, giving as a reason, "that while George Wither lived, Sir John Denham should not be the worst poet in England." He was now made surveyor of the royal buildings, and a Knight of the Bath. His office seems to have been a profitable one, for by it he is said to have gained £7000.

He now returned to Poetry, and exemplified the difference between precept and practice by writing a Poem on Prudence, and entering into a most imprudent marriage. The conduct of his wife is said to have brought on an attack of insanity in 1667. This report

was probably an exaggeration of the gossips ; for Lord Lisle, in a letter to Sir William Temple, dated September 26th, 1667, speaking of Denham, says, "If he had not the name of being mad, I believe in most parties he would be thought wittier than ever he was." It was also after this alleged lunacy that Denham wrote one of his best pieces, the Poem "*On the Death of Cowley.*" This was the last work of the author of *Cooper's Hill.* He died at his office in Whitehall the 19th of March, 1668, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, close to the grave of Cowley.

We now leave our readers to meditate over the "*Cooper's Hill,*" the best and most popular of all the works of Denham. Some will probably complain of a want of energy and concentration in this Poem, but they will undoubtedly meet with many finished lines and elegant passages. They may hesitate to say, with Dryden, that it is "a Poem which, for majesty of style, is and ever will be the standard of good writing ;" but all will join with Hallam in declaring, "that the *Cooper's Hill* is no ordinary Poem." The reader must not expect passion ; but good sense, clear description, and well-sustained couplets he will certainly find.

COOPER'S HILL.

[Some portions of the Poem—digressions of little interest—have been omitted.]

Sure there are poets who did never dream
Upon Parnassus, nor did taste the stream
Of Helicon: we therefore may suppose
Those made not poets, but the poets those.
And as courts make not kings, but kings the court,
So where the Muses and their train resort,
Parnassus stands: if I can be to thee
A poet, thou* Parnassus art to me.
Nor wonder, if (advantag'd in my flight
By taking wing from thy auspicious height)
Through untrac'd ways and airy paths I fly,
More boundless in my fancy than my eye:
My eye, which swift as thought contracts the space
That lies between, and first salutes the place
Crown'd with that sacred pile,† so vast, so high,
That whether 'tis a part of earth or sky
Uncertain seems, and may be thought a proud
Aspiring mountain, or descending cloud;

* Cooper's Hill. † Old St. Paul's.

Paul's, the late theme of such a Muse,* whose flight
Has bravely reach'd and soar'd above thy height.
Now shalt thou stand, tho' sword, or time, or fire,†
Or zeal, more fierce than they, thy fall conspire ;‡
Secure whilst thee the best of poets sings,
Preserv'd from ruin by the best of kings.‖

Under his proud survey the city lies,
And, like a mist beneath a hill, doth rise ;
Whose state and wealth, the business and the crowd,
Seem at this distance but a darker cloud ;
And is, to him who rightly things esteems,
No other in effect than what it seems :
Where, with like haste, tho' several ways they run,
Some to undo, and some to be undone ;
While luxury and wealth, like war and peace,
Are each the other's ruin and increase ;
As rivers lost in seas some secret vein
Thence re-conveys, there to be lost again.
Oh happiness of sweet retir'd content !
To be at once secure and innocent.

Windsor the next (where Mars with Venus dwells,
Beauty with strength) above the valley swells
Into my eye, and doth itself present
With such an easy and unforc'd ascent,

* Waller wrote a Poem on the repairing of St. Paul's.

† The Cathedral was nevertheless destroyed by the great fire in 1666.

‡ This refers to the Puritans.

‖ Charles I. expended £100,000 in repairing St. Paul's.

That no stupendous precipice denies
Access, no horror turns away our eyes;
But such a rise as doth at once invite
A pleasure and a rev'rence from the sight.
Thy mighty master's emblem, in whose face
Sat meekness, heighten'd with majestic grace;
Such seems thy gentle height, made only proud
To be the basis of that pompous load,
Than which a nobler weight no mountain bears,
But Atlas only, which supports the spheres.
When Nature's hand this ground did thus advance,
'Twas guided by a wiser Power than chance;
Mark'd out for such an use, as if 'twere meant
T' invite the builder, and his choice prevent.
Nor can we call it choice, when what we choose
Folly or blindness only could refuse.
A crown of such majestic tow'rs doth grace
The gods' great mother,* when her heav'nly race
Do homage to her; yet she cannot boast,
Among that num'rous and celestial host,
More heroes than can Windsor; nor doth Fame's
Immortal book record more noble names.
Not to look back so far, to whom this isle
Owes the first glory of so brave a pile,
Whether to Cæsar, Albanact,† or Brute,
The British Arthur, or the Danish Knute,

* Cybele; often represented with towers on her head.

† A son of Brutus: Geoffrey of Monmouth says, that Brutus, a descendant of Æneas, came to Albion, and gave the Island the name of *Britain*.

(Though this of old no less contest did move,
Than when for Homer's birth seven cities strove:
Like him in birth, thou should'st be like in fame;
As thine his fate, if mine had been his flame.)
But whosoe'er it was, Nature design'd
First a brave place, and then as brave a mind.
Not to recount those sev'ral kings, to whom
It gave a cradle, or to whom a tomb:
But thee, great Edward, and thy greater son,*
(The lilies which his father wore he won,)
And thy Bellona,† who the consort came
Not only to thy bed, but to thy fame.
She to thy triumph led one captive king,‡
And brought that son which did the second‖ bring.
Then did'st thou found that order (whether love
Or victory thy royal thoughts did move,
Each was a noble cause, and nothing less
Than the design has been the great success,)
Which foreign kings and emperors esteem
The second honour to their diadem.
Had thy great destiny but given thee skill
To know, as well as power to act, her will;
That from those kings, who then thy captives were,
In after-times should spring a royal pair,§

* The Black Prince. † Queen Philippa.

‡ David, king of Scotland, taken prisoner at the battle of Nevill's Cross, near Durham.

‖ John, king of France.

§ Charles I. was descended from David Bruce, and Henrietta Maria from John of France.

Who should possess all that thy mighty power,
Or thy desires, more mighty, did devour;
To whom their better fate reserves whate'er
The victor hopes for, or the vanquish'd fear.
That blood which thou and thy great grandsire shed,
And all that since these sister nations bled,
Had been unspilt, had happy Edward known
That all the blood he spilt had been his own.

* * * * *

Here should my wonder dwell, and here my praise,
But my fix'd thoughts my wand'ring eye betrays,
Viewing a neighb'ring hill, whose top of late
A chapel* crown'd, till in the common fate
Th' adjoining abbey fell (may no such storm
Fall on our times, where ruin must reform !)

* * * * *

My eye, descending from the hill, surveys
Where Thames among the wanton valleys strays;
Thames, the most lov'd of all the Ocean's sons
By his old sire, to his embraces runs,
Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,
Like mortal life to meet eternity.
Tho' with those streams he no resemblance hold,
Whose foam is amber, and their gravel gold,

* A Chapel belonging to Chertsey Abbey, on the top of St. Ann's Hill.

His genuine and less guilty wealth t' explore,
Search not his bottom, but survey his shore,
O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious wing,
And hatches plenty for the ensuing spring;
Nor then destroys it with too fond a stay,
Like mothers who their infants overlay;
Nor with a sudden and impetuous wave,
Like profuse kings, resumes the wealth he gave.
No unexpected inundations spoil
The mower's hopes, or mock the ploughman's toil:
But god-like his unwearied bounty flows;
First loves to do, then loves the good he does:
Nor are his blessings to his banks confin'd,
But free and common, as the sea or wind;
When he, to boast or to disperse his stores,
Full of the tribute of his grateful shores,
Visits the world, and in his flying towers
Brings home to us, and makes both Indies ours;
Finds wealth where 'tis, bestows it where it wants;
Cities in deserts, woods in cities, plants:
So that to us no thing, no place is strange,
While his fair bosom is the world's exchange.
O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme!
Tho' deep, yet clear; tho' gentle, yet not dull;
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.

* * * * *

The stream is so transparent, pure, and clear,
That had the self-enamour'd youth* gaz'd here,
So fatally deceiv'd he had not been,
While he the bottom, not his face, had seen.

* * * * *

This scene had some bold Greek or British bard
Beheld of old, what stories had we heard
Of fairies, satyrs, and the nymphs their dames,
Their feast, their revels, and their am'rous flames!
'Tis still the same, although their airy shape
All but a quick poetic sight escape.

* * * * *

Here have I seen the king,† when great affairs
Gave leave to slacken and unbend his cares,
Attended to the chase by all the flower
Of youth, whose hopes a nobler prey devour:
Pleasure with praise, and danger they would buy,
And with a foe that would not only fly.
The stag, now conscious of his fatal growth,
At once indulgent to his fear and sloth,
To some dark covert his retreat had made,
Where nor man's eyes nor heaven's should invade
His soft repose; when th' unexpected sound
Of dogs, and men, his wakeful ear does wound:
Rous'd with the noise, he scarce believes his ear,
Willing to think th' illusions of his fear

* Narcissus. † Charles I.

Had given this false alarm, but straight his view
Confirms that more than all his fears are true.
Betray'd in all his strengths, the wood beset;
All instruments, all arts of ruin met;
He calls to mind his strength, and then his speed,
His winged heels, and then his armed head;
With these t' avoid, with that his fate to meet:
But fear prevails, and bids him trust his feet.
So fast he flies, that his reviewing eye
Has lost the chasers, and his ear the cry;
Exulting, 'till he finds their nobler sense
Their disproportion'd speed doth recompense:
Then curses his conspiring feet, whose scent
Betrays that safety which their swiftness lent:
Then tries his friends; among the baser herd,
Where he so lately was obey'd and fear'd,
His safety seeks; the herd, unkindly wise,
Or chases him from thence, or from him flies;
Like a declining statesman, left forlorn
To his friends' pity, and pursuers' scorn,
With shame remembers, while himself was one
Of the same herd, himself the same had done.
Thence to the coverts and the conscious groves,
The scene of his past triumphs and his loves;
Sadly surveying where he rang'd alone,
Prince of the soil, and all the herd his own;
And, like a bold knight errant, did proclaim
Combat to all, and bore away the dame;

And taught the woods to echo to the stream
His dreadful challenge and his clashing beam.
Yet faintly now declines the fatal strife,
So much his love was dearer than his life.
Now ev'ry leaf and ev'ry moving breath
Present a foe, and ev'ry foe a death.
Wearied, forsaken, and pursued, at last
All safety in despair of safety placed,
Courage he thence resumes, resolv'd to bear
All their assaults, since 'tis in vain to fear.
And now, too late, he wishes for the fight
That strength he wasted in ignoble flight:
But when he sees the eager chace renew'd,
Himself by dogs, the dogs by men pursued,
He straight revokes his bold resolve, and more
Repents his courage than his fear before;
Finds that uncertain ways unsafest are,
And doubt a greater mischief than despair.
Then to the stream, when neither friends, nor force,
Nor speed, nor art avails, he shapes his course:
Thinks not their rage so desp'rate to essay
An element more merciless than they.
But fearless they pursue, nor can the flood
Quench their dire thirst; alas, they thirst for blood!
So towards a ship the oar-finn'd gallies ply,
Which wanting sea to ride, or wind to fly,
Stands but to fall reveng'd on those that dare
Tempt the last fury of extreme despair:

So fares the stag among th' enraged hounds,
Repels their force, and wounds returns for wounds.
And as a hero, whom his baser foes
In troops surround, now these assails, now those ;
Though prodigal of life, disdains to die
By common hands ; but if he can descry
Some nobler foe approach, to him he calls,
And begs his fate, and then contented falls :
So when the king a mortal shaft lets fly
From his unerring hand, then glad to die,
Proud of the wound, to it resigns his blood,
And stains the crystal with a purple flood.

This a more innocent and happy chace,
Than when of old, but in the self-same place,
Fair Liberty pursued, and meant a prey
To lawless power, here turn'd and stood at bay.
When in that remedy all hope was plac'd
Which was, or should have been at least, the last ;
Here was that Charter seal'd, wherein the crown
All marks of arbitrary power lays down :
Tyrant and slave, those names of hate and fear,
The happier style of king and subject bear :
Happy, when both to the same centre move,
When kings give liberty, and subjects love.

* * * * *

for Published by I. Williams

WALLER.

[BORN 1605—DIED 1687.]

Eton. Published by E. P. Williams

WALLER.

THERE are many small towns in England, which derive all their importance from a connection with the history of some famous man. In one, a great monarch was born; in another, a famous general died: some have been the homes of poets, whose names are household words; and others, the quiet dwelling-places of statesmen and orators. These towns may lie out of the great highways of modern life, decay and poverty may mark their streets; but we enter them with reverential remembrances of the dead.

BEACONSFIELD has two claims to the attention of the tourist: In the church-yard, a noted Poet is buried; and in the church is the tomb of Edmund Burke. Those who seize all opportunities for quietly and leisurely examining the scenery of a country, will delight in a walk from Eton to Beaconsfield. After a three hours' quiet journey across heaths bright with flowers, over greens rich with verdure, and through lanes winding by the sides, or stretching over the tops of wooded hills, they will reach both the home and burial-place of WALLER.

Before entering Beaconsfield, the traveller will probably notice, on the left side of the road, a richly timbered and park-like enclosure. An air of quiet, even of solitude, rests upon the spot. The stately trees, disposed in long avenues, and grouped in massive clumps, seem, by their stillness, to deepen the repose. We paused before a lodge, near the gates which open into these grounds, to note the richly carved oaken front, covered with elaborate workmanship, and black with age; and then, entering the park, soon saw the mansion-house, well-known for the last two hundred years as "*Hall Barn*." We felt we were looking upon the scenery on which Waller had gazed, when more than four-score years had passed over his head. Here he withdrew, after years of exile, to wait for the return of times more suited to his temper. Here too, the poet's mother, the aunt of Hampden, long dwelt; and to this place Cromwell himself sometimes came, when at the height of his power and fame. Lines of noble trees extend on either side of the house, and the front commands a view of Beaconsfield, and of the distant hills. Waller himself is said to have built a dwelling-place here, but the existing edifice was erected by the fourth son of the Poet, Dr. Stephen Waller, the civilian.

A few minutes brought us from the site of Waller's home to his grave. The tomb is easily found: an iron railing encloses a wide space in the church-yard, and in the centre of the enclosure stands the tomb of the Poet, remarkable for its pyramid, and sculptured death's heads. This memorial was erected in the year 1700, thirteen years after the burial of Waller, by the executors

of the Poet's second son, Edmund Waller, who had promised his mother to expend £300 on a monument to the memory of his celebrated father. The sides are nearly covered with Latin epitaphs, written by Rymer, the royal historiographer. There are five distinct inscriptions, two on the south side of the tomb, and one on each of the other sides.

We may suppose that Beaconsfield remembers with some degree of honourable pride its connection with the name of Waller. A writer of the year 1711 says, this "is the greatest honour that poor but pleasant town in Buckinghamshire has to boast of." Waller may not be the "greatest honour" of the place, but his fame does undoubtedly add some historical importance to this ancient town. We were therefore sorry to see the tomb of the Poet so ill kept; rank grass and nettles were thickly growing up within the railing which protects the sepulchre.

Waller was more connected with the stirring events of his time, than either Cowley or Denham. These can hardly be called politicians; they were partizans indeed, and shewed their tendencies, but were unknown in the legislature, and had no marked influence over Cavaliers or Roundheads: but Waller was, from his earliest days, plunged into the very heart of the great struggle which, commencing in the house of Commons, was ended by the victory of Cromwell at Worcester. The life of Waller connects two great epochs in English History—the Civil War, and the Revolution. He was thirty-seven years old when the king raised his standard at Nottingham, and he died a year before the flight of James II.

from Whitehall. The reader will therefore bear in mind, that the following account is but a very brief outline of so remarkable a life.

Edmund Waller was born at Coleshill, in Hertfordshire, a detached village of that county, lying in Bucks, near Amersham, on the 3rd of March, 1605. His father was Robert Waller, Esq. of Amersham, who appears to have been a barrister, and to have practised a short time in the Courts. The mother of the Poet entitled him to claim relationship with the family of Hampden. There is a great confusion in the biographers respecting the degree of this relationship. Some, amongst whom are Johnson and Stockdale, make the mother of Waller to have been the sister of the celebrated John Hampden; but others declare she was the aunt. The inscription on Waller's tomb merely describes her as "*ex Hampdena stirpe*." The truth appears to be, that the Poet's mother was Ann, daughter of Griffith Hampden, not John Hampden, as some of the biographers give the name, and that she was aunt to the great opponent of the ship-money tax. Waller was therefore cousin to this famous man. It is however worthy of note, that John Hampden was first cousin to both Oliver Cromwell and the Poet. If the reader will bear in mind these powerful connections, he will be enabled to account for the escape of Waller from the imminent peril in which subsequent events involved him.

The Poet's father died in 1616, leaving to his son a fortune of at least £2000 a year; Johnson even puts it at £3500, which he says would be equal to £10,000 in his time. Whichever sum we take, it is clear that young

Waller entered life with that first-rate recommendation to the respect of most men, an ample fortune. The Poet was educated first at Eton, and next at King's College, Cambridge, which, as Mr. Creasy remarks, he most likely entered as a fellow-commoner. Waller, however, soon added an acquaintance with men and men's affairs to his knowledge of books, for he entered Parliament as Member for Amersham in 1621, at the singularly early age of sixteen. Most of the biographers say, that he became a Member of the House of Commons when in his eighteenth year; but Waller himself is our authority for the earlier date, which is also that given in the Life of him published in 1711. The decisive passage on this question will be found in a remark made by him during a debate in the year 1670. He then reminded the House, that he was but sixteen when he first sat. The election of a mere boy may not prove the discretion or the independence of the burgesses of Amersham in the year 1621, but it shews the influence of Waller's family. He probably took no part in the very important debates of this Parliament, and therefore his sitting during his minority passed *sub silentio*, as was sometimes the case at that period.

As Waller was prevented by his inexperience from taking a part in the business of Parliament, he turned his attention to poetry. When in his eighteenth year, he is said to have written the Poem entitled "*The Danger his Majesty, being Prince, escaped in the road at St. Andero.*" This alludes to the storm which endangered Prince Charles, afterwards Charles I, as he was returning from his romantic visit to Spain in 1623. It is evident from

the title of the Poem, that Waller did not publish it until after the accession of Charles I, and it is very probable these verses were not written until some time after the event to which they refer. Some have remarked, that Waller's powers as a poet and versifier appear as fully developed in this poem, as in those he wrote towards the close of his life. This opinion may be questioned; but if it is correct, then many readers may infer, that a mind which did not advance for sixty years could not have possessed very strong powers, or much depth of poetic genius.

In July 1631, Waller married his first wife, Anna Banks, a rich heiress, daughter of Mr. Edward Banks. This lady lived only four years after her marriage, but she left two children, a son and a daughter. Shortly after the death of his wife, we find Waller paying court to Dorothea Sydney, daughter of the Earl of Leicester. She is celebrated in his verses under the name of *Saccharissa;* but though her name has thus become famous, her heart was not given to Waller. She became, in 1639, the wife of Lord Spencer, afterwards Earl of Sunderland, who was killed at the battle of Newbury in 1643. Another lady, Sophia Murray, received for a time the admiration which Dorothea Sydney refused, and was celebrated by the poet under the name of *Amoret.* He at last married Maria Bresse, or Breaux, who is not mentioned in any of his poems. Johnson says, "He doubtless praised some whom he would have been afraid to marry; and probably married one whom he would have been ashamed to praise." There is no evidence that Waller would have been "ashamed to

praise" his wife. Aubrey, who was acquainted with her, declares that she possessed beauty and a good understanding. She became the mother of thirteen children, of whom eight were daughters; and appears to have made the honour and happiness of her husband her chief concern.

In the year 1640 Waller began to enter warmly into the contest between the Parliament and the Crown. He took the popular side. This we should have expected, from his connection with the Hampdens and Cromwell. Waller may also have been influenced by the opinions of many high-minded and moderate men, who, at the *first* stage of the struggle, were opposed to the high claims of the king. In a speech before the House in 1640, he levelled his attack at the clerical advisers of the Crown, and warned the Parliament to be on its guard against "pulpit-law." The execution of Strafford, and the impeachment of Laud, which followed soon after this speech, startled Waller, and suggested some of those doubts, which ultimately induced him to withdraw from the more determined section of the parliamentary party. But his misgivings were not made public; and so highly did Waller stand with his party, that, when the House of Commons, on July the 6th, 1641, resolved to impeach six of the judges, who had given their decision in favour of ship-money, he was deputed to manage the case against Sir Francis Crawley, one of the judges of the Common Pleas. Waller's speech before the Lords on this occasion procured for him great popularity, and 20,000 copies are said to have been sold in one day. He was quite sincere in this invective. Crawley had

shewn his slavishness, or his ignorance of Constitutional Law, by declaring, in a charge at assizes, that "ship-money was so inherent a right in the Crown, that it would not be in the power of the Parliament to take it away." Such a daring assertion gave Waller the opportunity for a safe attack on the high-prerogative men : but the rash proceedings of the dominant party soon frightened Waller, who was anxious to limit, but not to destroy the monarchy. He made his first determined stand on behalf of the bishops. The majority of the House of Commons supported a bill for the abolition of Episcopacy. Two thousand of the clergy signed one petition, and fifteen thousand of the citizens of London another, in support of the proposed change. But Waller was now firm : he opposed the bill with all his influence, and, though his opposition was unsuccessful, he infused a higher courage into the minds of moderate men.

The king set up his standard at Nottingham in the August of 1642, and Waller shewed his sympathy by sending to the sovereign a large sum of money. He did not, however, abandon his place in Parliament, but used his great popularity and powers of persuasion to lead the Commons to the adoption of conciliatory measures. He still retained so high a position among the leading Members of the Parliament, that he was named one of the Commissioners, who, after the battle of Edge-Hill, were sent to Oxford, to negotiate with the king. The favourable manner in which he was here received by the sovereign strengthened his disposition to aid the royal cause. The impeachment of the Queen by Pym, the temporary success of the royal arms in the west of

England, the expectations of the approaching triumph of the king's troops in the northern counties, and the hope of uniting the royalists residing in London, now led Waller into the plot which is known in history by his name. The first object seems to have been to organize a party in the metropolis, which might be ready to take advantage of any important change. Mr. Tomkyns, who had married Cecilia, the sister of Waller, joined in the conspiracy, and many gentlemen of note appear to have been connected with the scheme. The Parliament was however watchful; Pym's agents were everywhere; and the design was discovered. On a solemn fast-day, May 31st, 1643, while Pym was listening to a sermon in St. Margaret's church, Westminster, a messenger abruptly entered, and gave him information of the plot. The news spread through London; rage and alarm aroused the city; the troops were called out; Waller, Tomkyns, and others, were arrested; and the wildest exaggerations were proclaimed from the pulpits, and published in the streets. Some declared that a thousand ruffians had been brought up from Oxford, to cut the throats of the honest citizens. Others called it a plot unparalleled in the history of the kingdom. A day of public thanksgiving was appointed for the deliverance of the nation, on which occasion Calamy, the celebrated Presbyterian, was selected to preach to the Lords, and Obadiah Sedgwick to the Commons.

Waller's name can never be cleared from the infamy by which it was now sullied. He thought of nothing but his own safety. Noblemen, gentlemen, and ladies,

who, confiding in his honour, had freely talked over the prospects of the royal party, were implicated by him, and apparently without hesitation. His penitential expressions, his revelations, his former popularity, and his powerful connexions saved him from death. In a work entitled "*The True Discoverie*," published in the year of the plot, we read, "Master Waller hath been so troubled since his detecting, that he hath sent to unburthen himself. . . . . If he hath done it conscientiously, and will discover the whole. . . . . he cannot but work compassion in the hearts of many towards him." The immediate result was, his expulsion from the House, and, according to Whitelocke, his condemnation to death by a military court. It is not probable that this sentence was intended to be carried into execution. Waller was reprieved by the Earl of Essex, the general of the Parliament, on condition of paying a fine of £10,000, and departing from the kingdom. His less fortunate brother-in-law, Mr. Tomkyns, was hanged at the door of his dwelling-house. Waller raised this heavy mulct by the sale of some of his estates, and then retired to France. He lived for a while at Rouen, but soon took up his abode in Paris, where for some time he received remittances from England, sufficient to enable him to live in a style of magnificence. These supplies soon ceased, and Waller was forced to sell his wife's jewels.

Shortly after his exile, in 1645, Waller published the first edition of his works, and informed the reader that "all the lyric poems in this edition were set by Mr. Henry Lawes, Gent. of the King's Chapel, and one of his majesty's private musick." It is said that the manu-

script was entrusted to a lady, who brought it from France into England.

Waller remained in exile about nine years, but in 1653 obtained permission from Cromwell to return home. He now retired to the house near Beaconsfield, called Hall-Barn; his residence at Coleshill having become dilapidated. It is said that the Protector himself sometimes came to Hall-Barn, and soon treated the poet as an intimate friend. Waller was clearly a man who could insinuate himself into the good opinions of both Cavalier and Puritan. He was fully resolved to make himself acceptable to Cromwell, and accordingly, in 1654, wrote the Poem entitled a "*Panegyric to my Lord Protector.*" Two years after, in some verses on the victories of Admiral Blake over the Spaniards, Waller suggested that a crown should be made for Cromwell out of the gold taken by the fleet.

At the Restoration, Waller shewed that he was not fettered by any strong political principles, and wrote his Poem "*To the King, on his Majesty's return.*" He flattered Charles to the utmost of his power, but the sovereign was conscious that far less genius appeared in these verses than in the "*Panegyric,*" and could not refrain from remarking upon this to Waller, who with the greatest coolness replied, "Poets succeed much better in fiction than in fact." There was, in truth, that easy manner about Waller, which enabled him speedily to ingratiate himself with the merry monarch. Waller's unmanly conduct in the affair of the plot does not appear to have damaged his reputation as a courtier. We shall not dwell upon the question, whether this leniency

towards him arose from the low state of public morals, or was a result of the personal qualities of the man.

Waller was returned to Parliament for Hastings in 1661, and soon obtained that kind of influence in the House, which is easily gained by a witty man of fortune. Bishop Burnet, speaking of Waller, describes him as "the delight of the House, and even at eighty he said the liveliest things of any among them; but," the Bishop adds, "he was only concerned to say that which should make him to be applauded." This is a stinging censure upon a public man; but in this case we fear Burnet was correct in his judgment.

Waller was probably a member of all the parliaments of Charles II. He was certainly in that which sat from 1661 to 1679, and in the next he was chosen for High Wycombe. It is doubtful whether he sat in the two last Parliaments of this reign, but he was returned to the first Parliament of James II. for the borough of Saltash, in Cornwall, when in his eightieth year.

Waller was not however satisfied with his influence in Parliament. He aimed at becoming the head of Eton College, and the director of the youth of England in their classical studies. In the year 1665, provost Meredith died, and Waller immediately applied to the king for the office. Perhaps Charles thought a witty man of the world fit for any position: he seems at least to have been willing, after Boyle the philosopher had declined the appointment, that Eton should have a poet for its head. But the proud and determined Clarendon, then Chancellor, refused his consent, alleging, that none but a clergyman could hold the provostship. It is not

probable that this objection satisfied Waller, as it must have been well known that Sir Henry Savile and Thomas Murray, who had presided over the College in the time of James I, were never ordained. However, the influence of Clarendon prevailed, and Dr. Allestree, one of the royal chaplains, and regius professor of Divinity at Oxford, became provost. Waller disgraced himself by the bitterness of the spite he shewed towards Clarendon on this occasion, and by the malicious support he gave to the enemies of the chancellor, when he was impeached and driven into exile. Dr. Allestree held his honourable position for fifteen years, but at his death, in 1680, Waller again petitioned the king for the long-sought object of his desire. There was no Clarendon then to oppose; but Charles did not choose to take upon himself the responsibility of deciding. He threw the burden therefore on the Privy Council and on the crown lawyers. After some sharp discussion, the Council decided against Waller, on the ground that he was not in orders, and that the provostship involved in it the cure of souls; and all our readers will probably agree that Eton lost nothing by such a judgment. Certainly, it must be admitted, that, as a provost, the generous and prudent Allestree, the restorer of the College, and the builder of the Upper School, was preferable to the witty and worldly-wise Waller.

When James II. ascended the throne, he shewed the same friendly feeling towards the Poet, which his brother had always manifested. Probably the king hoped to win over to his schemes so pliable a mind; but Waller never exhibited the least tendency to fall in with the

royal views. Many of the first men gained the monarch's favour by apostasy from their religious principles, but Waller was either too decided a protestant, or too sagacious a politician, to yield to the temptation. He sometimes, in his half-laughing, half-earnest manner, even warned the sovereign of the perils before him. James was accustomed to look upon the downfall of the Church of England as a settled matter; and hearing that one of the Poet's daughters was about to be married to Dr. Birch, a clergyman, he requested a French gentleman to express to Waller his surprise, that he should "marry his daughter to a falling church." The reply of the Poet shewed at once the courtier and the politician: "The king does me great honour," he answered, "in taking notice of my domestic affairs; but I have lived long enough to observe, that this falling church has got a trick of rising again."

To the very close of his long life, Waller preserved his love for poetic composition, which not all the storms and occupations of his eventful course had weakened. He was eighty years old when he wrote the lines on "*The Downfall of the Turkish Empire*," which may have been suggested by the great victory of Sobieski over the Ottomans before the walls of Vienna. Two years later, in the last year of his life, he composed the cantos on "*The Fear of God;*" and, in his last poem, we find the well-known and expressive couplet—

> "The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decayed,
> "Lets in new light through chinks that time has made."

It is not always that the last days of the wit, the orator, and the politician, are marked by this pleasing calm of literary avocation; although in men, whose lives have been devoted to science and philosophy, we are not surprised to find the habit of quiet speculation and literary composition continue to the end. Waller's last hours were remarkable for this happy calm. When the symptoms of decay became evident, he went from Beaconsfield to Windsor, to see Dr. Scarborough, the favourite physician of the time. Waller quietly asked him what the swelling of his legs denoted. The doctor gave the plain answer, "Mr. Waller, your blood will no longer flow." The poet returned to Beaconsfield, and prepared for death. In a short time the decisive indications of approaching dissolution appeared. Waller called his family around him; all joined in receiving the sacrament from his son-in-law, Dr. Birch; and on the 21st of October, 1687, the poet died, in his eighty-third year.

From the preceding notice, it is evident that Waller must have possessed some very remarkable mental and social qualities. To have been the familiar friend of Cromwell, the intimate associate of Charles II, and respected by the infatuated James, would prove the possession of some unusual combination of the powers of pleasing. This is the more remarkable, when we remember that Waller's conversational powers owed nothing to wine. He stands alone, as a water-drinker and a courtier, in the time of Charles II. Waller was, except for a short time, popular with the two hostile parties,—a favourite with the more eminent of the Puritans, and

admired by the Cavaliers. He was listened to in a Parliament when Pym was its leader, and obtained influence in a house full of high-church-and-king men. An Ode on Cromwell brought Cowley into disgrace, but Waller's "*Panegyric*," and Waller's betrayal of his confederates, failed to damage him permanently with the king or the country.

Clarendon, who had little respect for Waller, was nevertheless struck by the little harm his character had sustained from his conduct in the plot. The historian remarks, "There cannot be a greater evidence of the inestimable value of his parts, than that he lived after this in the good affection and esteem of many, the pity of most, and the scorn of none."

We must also bear in mind that Waller was not only influential in courts and in Parliament, but obtained a high place among the poets of his age. A writer in the year 1650 calls him "our English Virgil," and, in another passage, "the wonder of wits, and the pattern of poets." In the preface to the edition of the year 1690, Waller is styled "the parent of English verse," and the eulogist ascribes to him the perfecting of the English language. "The tongue," says this writer, "came into his hands like a rough diamond; he polished it first." In 1711, another cites the opinion of a foreigner, who maintained that no English author ever came up to Waller, and then timidly remarks, as if he were uttering some daring criticism, "We must confess there is something more grand in Milton." All this adulation may seem absurd to us; but such passages doubtless express the sentiments of the readers of poetry in Waller's time.

Yet we cannot help feeling, that the man thus petted by kings, popular in parliament, and praised by critics, was not endowed with a great genius. In his poetry are found many good, many pleasing, some well-pointed, and some harmonious passages: but Waller was not a great poet. He was however a merry and pleasant parliamentary speaker; in fact, the wit of the House. He seems to have in general selected amusing, or at least telling topics, rather than those which bore upon the higher concerns of the nation. We can easily understand how such a man would be a favourite in Parliament in the time of Charles II. This characteristic of Waller may however have been one great cause of his popularity as a man, and, added to his wit and graceful manner of speaking, would procure him much influence in the parliament of that age.

The following poems will, we trust, not be unacceptable to those who wish to form for themselves some estimate of Waller as a poet. The reader will see from these specimens, that Waller was free from the cold and artificial conceits of Cowley, and that he excelled even Denham in the smoothness and finish of his versification.

We have endeavoured to make a selection which may exhibit the peculiar qualities of the Poet, and have therefore, in some of the pieces, left out stanzas which are feeble in expression, or fantastic in thought. This notice will serve as our apology for not intimating such omissions by the usual marks. The word "*abridged*" at the head of each piece will point out those, of which parts only are given. We have introduced a portion of

"*The Panegyric,*" on account of the high esteem in which the poem was held by the critics of the last century: some verses from "*The Restoration*" follow: the reader will thus be able to estimate the versatility of Waller's muse.

The remainder of the selection consists principally of short, but expressive compositions—some of an amatory, some of a lyrical, and a few of a more meditative character.

A

PANEGYRIC TO MY LORD PROTECTOR.

[ABRIDGED.]

Above the waves as Neptune showed his face,
To chide the winds, and save the Trojan race;
So has your Highness, raised above the rest,
Storms of ambition, tossing us, repressed.

The sea's our own; and now all nations greet,
With bending sails, each vessel of our fleet;
Your power extends as far as winds can blow,
Or swelling sails upon the globe may go.

Hither the oppressèd shall henceforth resort,
Justice to crave, and succour, at your court;
And then your Highness, not for ours alone,
But for the world's protector shall be known.

Fame, swifter than your wingèd navy, flies
Through every land that near the ocean lies,
Sounding your name, and telling dreadful news
To all that piracy and rapine use.

With such a chief the meanest nation blessed,
Might hope to lift her head above the rest;
What may be thought impossible to do
By us, embracèd by the sea and you?

Lords of the world's great waste, the ocean, we
Whole forests send to reign upon the sea,
And every coast may trouble, or relieve;
But none can visit us without your leave.

When fate, or error, had our age misled,
And o'er this nation such confusion spread,
The only cure, which could from Heaven come down,
Was so much power and piety in one!

One! whose extraction from an ancient line
Give hope again that well-born men may shine;
The meanest in your nature, mild and good,
The noble rest securèd in your blood.

Oft have we wondered how you hid in peace
A mind proportioned to such things as these;
How such a ruling spirit you could restrain,
And practice first over yourself to reign.

Still as you rise, the state, exalted too,
Finds no distemper while 'tis changed by you;
Change like the world's great scene! when, without
The rising sun night's vulgar lights destroys. [noise,

Had you, some ages past, this race of glory
Run, with amazement we should read your story;
But living virtue, all achievements past,
Meets envy still, to grapple with at last.

Illustrious acts high raptures do infuse,
And every conqueror creates a muse.
Here, in low strains, your milder deeds we sing;
But there, my lord! we'll bays and olive bring

To crown your head; while you in triumph ride
O'er vanquished nations, and the sea beside;
While all your neighbour-princes unto you,
Like Joseph's sheaves, pay reverence, and bow.

THE RESTORATION:

ADDRESSED TO THE KING, ON HIS HAPPY RETURN.

[ABRIDGED.]

The rising sun complies with our weak sight,
First gilds the clouds, then shows his globe of light
At such a distance from our eyes, as though
He knew what harm his hasty beams would do.
But your full majesty at once breaks forth
In the meridian of your reign. Your worth,
Your youth, and all the splendour of your state,
(Wrapped up, till now, in clouds of adverse fate!)
With such a flood of light invade our eyes,
And our spread hearts with so great joy surprise,
That if your grace incline that we should live,
You must not, sir! too hastily forgive.
Our guilt preserves us from the excess of joy,
Which scatters spirits, and would life destroy.
All are obnoxious! and this faulty land,
Like fainting Esther, does before you stand,
Watching your sceptre. The revolted sea
Trembles to think she did your foes obey.
Much-suffering monarch! the first English born
That has the crown of these three nations worn!
How has your patience, with the barbarous rage
Of your own soil, contended half an age?

Till (your tried virtue, and your sacred word,
At last preventing your unwilling sword)
Armies and fleets which kept you out so long,
Owned their great sovereign, and redressed his wrong.
When straight the people, by no force compelled,
Nor longer from their inclination held,
Break forth at once, like powder set on fire,
And, with a noble rage, their King require.
Faith, law, and piety, (that banished train!)
Justice and truth, with you return again.
The city's trade, and country's easy life,
Once more shall flourish without fraud or strife.
Your reign no less assures the ploughman's peace,
Than the warm sun advances his increase;
And does the shepherds as securely keep
From all their fears, as they preserve their sheep.
But, above all, the Muse-inspirèd train
Triumph, and raise their drooping heads again!
Kind Heaven at once has, in your person, sent
Their sacred judge, their guard, and argument.

TO AMORET.

[ABRIDGED.]

Amoret! the Milky Way
Framed of many nameless stars!
The smooth stream where none can say
He this drop to that prefers!

Amoret! my lovely foe!
Tell me where thy strength does lie?
Where the power that charms us so?
In thy soul, or in thy eye?

OF MY LADY ISABELLA,

PLAYING ON THE LUTE.

Such moving sounds from such a careless touch!
So unconcerned herself, and we so much!
What art is this, that with so little pains
Transports us thus, and o'er our spirits reigns?
The trembling strings about her fingers crowd,
And tell their joy for every kiss aloud.
Small force there needs to make them tremble so;
Touched by that hand, who would not tremble too?
Here love takes stand, and while she charms the ear,
Empties his quiver on the listening deer.

Music so softens and disarms the mind,
That not an arrow does resistance find.
Thus the fair tyrant celebrates the prize,
And acts herself the triumph of her eyes:
So Nero once, with harp in hand, surveyed
His flaming Rome, and as it burned he played.

THE BUD.

Lately on yonder swelling bush,
Big with many a coming rose,
This early bud began to blush,
And did but half itself disclose.
I plucked it, though no better grown,
And now you see how full 'tis blown.

Still as I did the leaves inspire,
With such a purple light they shone,
As if they had been made of fire,
And spreading so, would flame anon.
All that was meant by air or sun,
To the young flower, my breath has done.

If our loose breath so much can do,
What may the same in forms of love,
Of purest love, and music too,
When Flavia it aspires to move?
When that, which lifeless buds persuades
To wax more soft, her youth invades?

TO A FAIR LADY,

PLAYING WITH A SNAKE.

Strange! that such horror and such grace
Should dwell together in one place;
A fury's arm, an angel's face!

'Tis innocence, and youth, which makes
In Chloris' fancy such mistakes,
To start at love, and play with snakes.

By this and by her coldness barred,
Her servants have a task too hard;
The tyrant has a double guard!

Thrice happy snake! that in her sleeve
May boldly creep; we dare not give
Our thoughts so unconfined a leave.

Contented in that nest of snow
He lies, as he his bliss did know,
And to the wood no more would go.

Take heed, fair Eve! you do not make
Another tempter of this snake;
A marble one so warmed would speak.

TO A LADY

SINGING A SONG OF HIS COMPOSING.

Chloris ! yourself you so excel,
When you vouchsafe to breathe my thought,
That, like a spirit, with this spell
Of my own teaching, I am caught.

That eagle's fate and mine are one,
Which, on the shaft that made him die,
Espied a feather of his own,
Wherewith he wont to soar so high.

Had Echo, with so sweet a grace,
Narcissus' loud complaints returned,
Not for reflection of his face,
But of his voice, the boy had burned.

LONG AND SHORT LIFE.

Circles are praised, not that abound
In largeness, but the exactly round :
So life we praise, that does excel
Not in much time, but acting well.

WALLER'S LAST THOUGHTS.

When we for age could neither read nor write,
The subject made us able to indite;
The soul, with nobler resolutions decked,
The body stooping, does herself erect.
No mortal parts are requisite to raise
Her that, unbodied, can her Maker praise.
The seas are quiet when the winds give o'er;
So, calm are we when passions are no more!
For then we know how vain it was to boast
Of fleeting things, so certain to be lost.
Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
Conceal that emptiness which age descries.
The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made;
Stronger by weakness, wiser men become,
As they draw near to their eternal home.
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
That stand upon the threshold of the new.

POPE.

[BORN 1688—DIED 1744.]

POPE.

The Works of Pope occupy the transition period between the Poets of the Caroline era, and those of the latter part of the eighteenth century. He was born in the year after Waller died, and, at the time of Pope's death, several famous poets had attracted or were about to gain the notice of men. Johnson was then thirty-five years old, and had just come up to London with his "*Irene*." Gray was twenty-eight, and had already written some of his enduring works. Akenside published his "*Pleasures of the Imagination*" in the year of Pope's death. Goldsmith was then in his sixteenth year, and about to enter Trinity College, Dublin. Eight years after the death of Pope, Chatterton began his strange life: Burns was born seven years later than Chatterton: and Cowper was thirteen years old at the death of Pope. The poet of Binfield* and Twickenham is therefore the link between the modern schools of poetry and the age of Milton, Cowley, and Denham.

* Pope resided near the village of Binfield, in Windsor Forest, from his twelfth to his twenty-eighth year. Some rooms of his house yet remain, and one is called "Pope's Study." A beech wood is pointed out as the place where the poet was accustomed to walk, and bears the name of "Pope's Wood."

Alexander Pope was born in a year of momentous change, in 1688, the epoch of the Revolution. On the 22nd of May, four days after the presentation of the Bishops' petition to James II., the future poet was born in Lombard Street, London. His mother's name was Editha, daughter of a Mr. Turner, of York, and his father was Alexander Pope, who appears to have carried on the business of a linen-merchant. Johnson says he was a draper, and lived in the Strand; and some of Pope's jealous rivals reminded him that his father had been a hatter; but the poet himself insinuated, that his parent was connected with the family of the Earl of Downe. It is however admitted, that the father of Pope gained a considerable fortune by trade, from which he retired soon after the accession of William III. This early withdrawal from business, (for he was then but forty-six years old,) may have been caused by the great unpopularity which the infatuation of James II. had drawn down upon all members of the Romish Church, to which both parents of the poet belonged.

The family seem to have at first retired from London to Kensington, and there Pope probably received his first education. He was taught to read by an aunt, but is said to have learned to write by copying the letters in printed books. It is not certain at what time Pope's father took up his abode at Binfield, or at what age his son was enabled to wander amidst the rich scenery of the forest. Johnson says, Pope was at Binfield in his twelfth year, but Lysons states that he came there when but six years old. Both statements may be true. The time given by Johnson refers to the period of the poet's

settled residence, after leaving the schools in which he had been for a time placed. The date given by Lysons most likely points to the time when the father purchased a house and about twenty acres of land at Binfield.

From the age of six to twelve, Pope was educated partly at home, and partly in private Roman Catholic schools. His first master seems to have been a priest, named Taverner, or Bannister, from whom the boy went to a school at Twyford, near Winchester, and afterwards to an academy in London, near Hyde Park Corner. His school training ended when he was about twelve years old, from which time his education was conducted by priests in the house of his father, or by his own unaided efforts.

At Binfield he pursued with ardour the subjects he had already commenced, not only reading with avidity the ancient and the English poets, but marking out for himself a comprehensive plan of study. His reading was probably miscellaneous, but he thus gained that variety of knowledge so necessary to a poet. His own account expresses the history of many minds. He tells us, that from fourteen to twenty he read for amusement, and from twenty to twenty-seven for instruction. Pope had indeed already set before himself the great work of his life; when as yet a boy, he resolved to be a poet: this was his aim, and the circumstances of his position favoured the design. His religion would at that time have prevented him from entering upon a profession, and the extreme delicacy of his constitution must have interfered with the occupations of active life. But the path to poetic fame seemed open. His father was rich; time

and books were at command; and Pope possessed industry, taste, and a passion for fame.

The father seconded these ambitious aims. We are told that Mr. Pope was accustomed to propose subjects for versification to his son, and expressed his delight when a couplet of more than ordinary point and beauty was produced. All these favourable circumstances were aided by Pope's persevering habits of study. When but a boy, he had become familiar with the works of Chaucer, Spenser, Cowley, Waller, and Dryden, and had tried many styles of verse. The young poet was also fortunate in gaining the friendship of Sir William Trumbull, who then resided near Binfield. This gentleman was a man of the world, of literary tastes and some degree of scholarship. He was descended from a diplomatic family, had himself been an envoy-extraordinary at Paris, ambassador at Constantinople, and Secretary of State under William III. He had been the patron of Dryden, and was admirably fitted, from his intimacy with the first men of the day, to befriend another Poet.

Pope was about eleven years old when Sir William Trumbull came to Easthampstead, near Binfield; and the "little Nightingale," as Pope was then called, soon gained the notice of the retired statesman, and became the companion of his daily rides in the forest. This gentleman introduced Pope to the dramatist Wycherley, by whose influence the young poet was soon admitted within than literary circle, in which he longed to live. When Pope published his "*Pastorals*," he endeavoured to acknowledge the kindly patronage of his friend, Sir William, by dedicating the first of the poems to him.

Some years before this, the boy had importuned his father and friends to procure him admission to the room in Will's Coffee House, Covent Garden, where Dryden and the literary men of the day were accustomed to meet. His wish was gratified, and he saw the famous author of the "*Absalom and Achitophel*" seated in his easy chair, and uttering his criticisms. To this society Pope himself was soon after admitted, and here, when in London, his evenings were often passed. Dr. Garth, the famous whig physician, and a man of literary taste, was also one of the earliest friends of young Pope, and was influential in gaining for him an introduction to many powerful persons.

Animated by the great fame of Dryden, and guided by his own natural taste, and by the suggestions of Trumbull, Pope worked laboriously to acquire a pointed and vigorous, yet easy and flowing style. One of his numerous friends, the poet Walsh, impressed upon him the importance of accurate and polished verses. Pope thoroughly appreciated the advice, and resolved, in this particular, to excel his great model Dryden; and so successful were his efforts, that he is said to have gained a perfect command over poetic diction when but fourteen years old. This may be an exaggeration; but he had certainly very early acquired a style which delighted his own age, and will always find admirers.

Johnson dates the literary life of Pope from his sixteenth year, when "*The Pastorals*" were composed; but his life, as a poet, began when he formed the resolution to win fame by verse. His ode "*On Solitude*," suggested by the pleasing loneliness of the forest scenery,

was probably written when he was twelve years old. The poem "*On Silence*," his translations from Ovid, and the attempts to modernize some of Chaucer's tales, were all completed before he had reached the age of sixteen. His "*Pastorals*" however were not published until five years after their completion: so early did Pope begin to practise his safe rule of repeated revision, being resolved not to lose the laurel for want of preparation.

The "*Pastorals*," or poems on Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter, were first published in a periodical called "*Tonson's Miscellany*," and delighted many, who regarded them as imitations of Theocritus and Virgil. Before these poems were given to the world, the author submitted them to the criticisms of his friends, Sir William Trumbull, Lord Somers, Lord Halifax, the poet Walsh, and the dramatist Wycherley. His "*Discourse on Pastoral Poetry*," said to have been written in his sixteenth year, proves his acquaintance with Theocritus, the Eclogues of Virgil, the Aminta of Tasso, the Calendar of Spenser, and also with the rules of the French critics. The Essay "*On Criticism*" was published in 1711, two years after it was written. The poem was reviewed and praised by Addison in No. 253 of the *Spectator*. The author immediately wrote, thanking his influential critic for his "candour and frankness." The friendly notice of Addison, who was then at the head of the critical world, was of the highest service to Pope; for the *Spectator* carried the name of the rising poet into every circle, where the least degree of literary taste prevailed. Pope's subsequent life would have been less embittered by strife, had he taken the advice of Addison,

to be less severe in judging his contemporaries. The Poet thanked the censor, but neglected the caution. About the same time appeared "*The Messiah*," an Imitation of the fourth Eclogue of Virgil and of some passages in the book of Isaiah.

In 1712 Pope published his celebrated poem, "*The Rape of the Lock*," which was called by Addison "a most exquisite example of ludicrous poetry." It delighted all by its polished verse and ingenious combinations of imagery. Shortly after its appearance, Pope published the "*Heloise and Abelard*," and in 1713 his "*Windsor Forest*," which he dedicated to Lord Lansdowne, whom Pope had previously complimented in "*The Pastorals*," for his "moving lays." The greater part of this poem had been commenced at the age of sixteen, when the rich scenery around Binfield had become familiar to Pope. Johnson thought the design of the work was suggested by the "*Cooper's Hill*" of Denham; but the subject was naturally forced upon the attention of the author, by the landscape which every day disclosed its beauties to his sight.

Pope was now in his twenty-fifth year: he had given specimens of more regular, smooth, and pointed verses than other poets, but had certainly produced no work which could be called great. He was acquainted with the most influential men of his day; and, relying on their patronage, he now resolved to undertake his Translation of the "*Iliad*." He had, when a child, read this great epic in the version of Ogilby, and was even then so impressed by its power, that he is said to have composed a drama out of the story. His plan was to publish "*The*

Iliad" by subscription, and his numerous friends immediately began to exert themselves to promote the scheme. Even Swift turned aside from the bitterness of his politics, to solicit names, declaring "the author shall not begin to print till I have a thousand guineas for him." Pope offered the work to Lintot, the publisher, proposing to complete it in six quarto volumes, the price of the whole to be six guineas. He obtained five-hundred and seventy-five subscribers, who took six-hundred and fifty-four copies. George I. subscribed £200, and the prince and princess £100. Lintot agreed to give the author £200 for each volume, besides supplying all the subscribers with copies. The subscriptions amounted to £4120. 4*s.* which, with the £1200 from Lintot, made the author's pecuniary gains £5320. 4*s.* Pope began the Translation in 1713, but soon unexpected difficulties occurred, which seem at first to have thoroughly frightened him. Some of his enemies, or perhaps candid friends, doubted whether his knowledge of Greek would be sufficient for the undertaking; and the author himself appears to have felt his inability to collect the illustrative notes which would be expected in such a work, and for which it was necessary he should consult Eustathius, a Greek bishop of the twelfth century, who had written a commentary on the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*.

This learned work would probably have proved more than a match for Pope, who has confessed that he acquired languages chiefly by the aid of translations. There was, however, little cause for apprehension. The paraphrastic version which Pope proposed did not require a profound knowledge of the original: the sense, if not

the spirit, of Homer could be obtained from English, French, and Latin translations; and the author easily procured assistance, in cases of difficulty, from his friends. Most of the notes were collected for him by Broome, one of the poets of the time, and by Jortin, afterwards Archdeacon of London. When Pope had once fairly entered upon this undertaking, he continued working vigorously until the publication was completed in the year 1720.

The rebellion of 1715 excited both the fears and hopes of thousands, and imperilled some of Pope's friends; but he seems to have been too much absorbed in his *Iliad* to notice the political tempest. He published the first volume of the Translation in 1715; and was shortly afterwards irritated by the appearance of a version of the first book of the *Iliad*, by Mr. Tickell, a Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford, and a friend of Addison. The author of this performance declared his intention to discontinue the work, that he might not interfere with Pope's plan. The publication, however, of another translation at such a time, and especially the praise bestowed upon it by Addison and his friends, deeply wounded Pope. He even suspected Addison of being the author, and of thus endeavouring to create a feeling opposed to the success of "*The Iliad.*" Few however will be disposed to attribute such meanness to Addison. The truth seems to be, that Addison, being the friend of both Pope and Tickell, had given his advice to each writer, and had communicated to Pope the fact that Tickell was engaged upon the *Iliad*. From this time however, suspicions of Addison's sincerity began to lurk, in the mind of Pope.

The year 1715 was also remarkable as the last of the poet's residence at Binfield. His numerous friends, his increasing fame, and the literary work in which he was now engaged, made him desire a residence nearer to London. Mr. Cunningham says, that Pope's father, after leaving Binfield, took a house at Chiswick, where he died, at the age of seventy-five. Certainly Pope, in a letter written at the beginning of 1719, says "he had then passed a year at Twickenham." This remark compels us to conclude, that he did not come thither immediately on leaving Binfield in 1715.

Soon after he had settled at Twickenham, the publication of his *Iliad* was completed, and brought him much applause from the majority of readers, some faint praise from classical friends, and not a little fierce criticism from his opponents. The most bitter of these was John Dennis, a man of some education and ability, but of a most quarrelsome temper. His criticism on the Translation is partly just; but the malice of the man is more apparent than the judgment of the critic. He says pointedly enough—"The Homer, which Lintot prints, does not talk like Homer, but like Pope." His venom however appears, when he descended to write as follows, "This little author, who is so much in vogue, has neither sense in his thoughts, nor English in his expressions. He hath undertaken to translate Homer from the Greek, of which he knows not one word." This was grossly unfair: but Dennis in another place says, "It is my duty to pull off the lion's skin from this little ass;" and again, "Great fools will be christened by the names of great poets, and Pope will be called Homer." We may

easily imagine the exasperation produced in the irritable mind of Pope by such attacks, and most readers will be able to understand the motives which prompted him to write the *Dunciad* a few years after. The censures of the critics were, however, counterbalanced by the applause of the multitude. Pope's *Homer* became, and continues to be, the most popular of translations, and there is little doubt that, in spite of the sneers of Bentley, and the objections of scholars, the work placed the author at the summit of his fame.

His next undertaking was unfortunate. He had succeeded in *Homer*, and he now thought himself able to edit *Shakespeare*, on which Tonson the publisher had engaged him, hoping that the name of Pope would carry everything with the public. This work appeared in 1726, in six volumes. It not only brought the editor no credit, but exposed him to the criticisms of Lewis Theobald, who published a list of the "Blunders committed and unamended in Pope's Shakespeare." Pope chose to answer by ridicule, and endeavoured to make his censor the laughing-stock of the town; but Theobald's Shakespeare came out, and drove his opponent's edition from the book-market.

Pope had been so well satisfied with his Translation of the *Iliad*, as to propose a version of the *Odyssey* by subscription. He obtained five-hundred and seventy-four subscribers, who took among them above eight hundred copies. He had two associates in this work,—Elijah Fenton, the editor of Milton and of Waller, and Dr. William Broome, the translator of Anacreon. Pope translated twelve books, Fenton four, and Broome eight.

Pope began about this time to plan the composition of a work, the sole object of which should be to ridicule all who had offended him, and many others, from whom he was in no danger of retaliation. Accordingly, in 1728 "*The Dunciad*" appeared, a work in which the author vented the growing hatred of some years, and made himself detested by hundreds whom he lampooned. The plan of the poem may be briefly stated:—Pope imagines the Goddess of Dulness surveying her empire, and selecting rewards for her most worthy sons. One is crowned King of the realm of Dunces, which honour Pope gave to his critic Theobald, and afterwards to Cibber, the Poet Laureate. The Goddess then proposes appropriate exercises for her deserving subjects, whether authors, critics, or booksellers. The last book concludes with predictions of the final triumph of dulness, and of the reign of universal darkness. More than a hundred names of persons then living were given in the work, by far the greater number being introduced in connection with some ridiculous circumstance, or disgraceful allusion. This work will long continue to interest those who regard it as a mirror which still reflects some remarkable peculiarities of the early part of the eighteenth century; but our admiration of its wit cannot blind us to the bitter vindictiveness, exaggerations, and misrepresentations, which give a pungency to the lines.

Four years after, in 1732, Pope published anonymously a very different work, the first part of his celebrated poem, "*The Essay on Man*," which drew upon him the charge of advocating fatalistic notions, and of

covertly insinuating the infidelity of his friend Lord Bolingbroke. There is no evidence however to support the charge that Pope aimed at the promotion of infidel sentiments by this famous Essay. The Dedication to Bolingbroke, and some ambiguous lines in the work, probably gave rise to the suspicion.

In the same year Pope lost his intimate friend and brother-poet Gay, and in the ensuing year his mother died, at the age, according to the biographer, of ninety-three. Her son raised an obelisk to her memory in the grounds of the house at Twickenham, on which were the words—

AH! EDITHA,

MATRUM OPTIMA,

MULIERUM AMANTISSIMA,

VALE!

"*The Moral Essays*," consisting of four short poems on the characters of men and women, and on the use of riches, were published soon after *The Essay on Man*. The first is remembered by his lines on the ruling passion; the second, for the attack on the Duchess of Marlborough; and the third, for the passage on Kyrle, the Man of Ross, and the story of Sir Balaam.

Pope had by this time finished the works on which his fame rests. For the last ten years of his life he did little. His Imitations of Horace, and some additions to the Dunciad, formed his principal literary occupations during this period.

Pope's life has been called one long disease, and he doubtless had much of the valetudinarian about

him. The following account, in his own words, of his treatment in the house of Sir William Codrington, illustrates the attentions he required:—"My lady Cox mixed my electuary; Lady Codrington pounded sulphur; Mrs. Bridget Bethell ordered broth; Lady Cox mounted first upstairs with the physic in a gallipot; Lady Codrington next with the phial of oil; Mrs. Bridget third with pills; the fourth sister with spoons and tea-cups." A year before his death the attacks of asthma became more severe, and he was kept almost entirely to his house and grounds. The failure of his strength seems to have been rapid; and in the beginning of May, 1744, it became evident that his end was approaching. He died May 30th, 1744, at the age of fifty-six, and was buried in Twickenham church, where a monument was erected to his memory by his friend Bishop Warburton.

The life of Pope might be so written as to comprehend the literary history of his age, and the biographies of the most celebrated men of his time. No poet could boast of a more extensive list of friends among the learned, the witty, and the noble. Pope was especially proud of his acquaintance with titled personages, and men of political power. On one occasion we find him writing to his friend, Dean Swift, in these words—"I was the other day recollecting twenty-seven great ministers, or men of wit and learning, who are all dead, and all of my acquaintance within twenty years past." Most or all of these had spent happy hours with him in his grotto and gardens at Twickenham. What a circle of profound thinkers, learned scholars, and elegant

writers should we see, could our imagination place clearly before us the intimate associates of Pope! Warburton, the critic, divine, and scholar; Bishop Atterbury, the restless and clever politician; the statesman, Viscount Bolingbroke; the Earl of Orford; the daring, brave, and romantic Peterborough, whose Spanish victories were the marvels of his age, and who was said to have seen more kings than any man in Europe; Lord Bathurst; Lord Harcourt; the Duke of Buckingham; and Sir William Wyndham—all added their varied talents and influence to increase the importance of the Twickenham Poet. Nor must we forget Addison, Swift, and Steele, nor the witty physician, Dr. Arbuthnot, over whose *Martinus Scriblerus* the world has laughed. And to this list, Gay, Rowe, and Parnell, may well be added.

Pope's house at Twickenham no longer stands, to remind us of the men and literature of the eighteenth century. A few remains of his shrubberies, some of the trees he planted, and his once famous grotto, appear to be all now left of the horticultural and architectural works in which he delighted. Even the celebrated weeping willow is no more: notwithstanding props and other attempts to prolong its life, it is said to have perished in the year 1801. It is commonly stated that this tree was the parent of all the weeping willows in England. Some doubt the truth of this story; but it appears that these elegant trees were brought into Europe from the east by Tournefort a little before Pope's time, and that soon after the *Salix Babylonica* was introduced into this country.

The personal character of Pope requires little comment in this sketch of his life. He enjoyed the firm friendship of many intellectual men, and, in an age of the bitterest party strife, retained that moderation, which is so near akin to wisdom. It cannot be said that Pope was a deep philosopher, or a thoroughly trained scholar; but he possessed a taste for knowledge, a habit of investigation, and a scorn of pretension. He lived in an age when genius and talent crouched, with scarcely an exception, at the feet of the rich and powerful; but Pope was always independent, and mingled with nobles, statesmen, and prime ministers, without arrogance and without servility. But, on the other hand, we must admit, that the Poet was keenly irritable and bitterly revengeful; reckless in aspersing those who criticised his works, or wounded his vanity. He seems also to be chargeable with cowardice, often attacking the weak or timid, but retiring from encounters with the powerful. It must nevertheless be admitted, that many gave him ample provocation, and that his lash often fell upon men who united folly and dullness with malignity.

His "*Windsor Forest*" has been selected for this volume, because its descriptions apply to scenery in the neighbourhood of Eton, and the versification is a fair example of the finish and point for which Pope is famous.

WINDSOR FOREST.

[ABRIDGED.]

THY forest, Windsor! and thy green retreats,
At once the Monarch's and the Muses' seats,
Invite my lays. Be present, sylvan maids!
Unlock your springs, and open all your shades.
Granville commands; your aid, O Muses, bring!
What Muse for Granville can refuse to sing?
The groves of Eden, vanish'd now so long,
Live in description, and look green in song:
These, were my breast inspir'd with equal flame,
Like them in beauty, should be like in fame.
Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,
Here earth and water seem to strive again!
Not, chaos-like, together crush'd and bruis'd,
But, as the world, harmoniously confus'd:
Where order in variety we see,
And where, tho' all things differ, all agree.

Here waving groves a chequer'd scene display,
And part admit, and part exclude the day ;
As some coy nymph her lover's warm address
Nor quite indulges, nor can quite repress.
There, interspers'd in lawns and op'ning glades,
Thin trees arise that shun each other's shades :
Here, in full light the russet plains extend ;
There, wrapt in clouds, the bluish hills ascend.
Ev'n the wild heath displays her purple dyes,
And 'midst the desert fruitful fields arise,
That, crown'd with tufted trees and springing corn,
Like verdant isles, the sable waste adorn.
Let India boast her plants, nor envy we
The weeping amber or the balmy tree,
While by our oaks the precious loads are borne,
And realms commanded which those trees adorn.
Not proud Olympus yields a nobler sight,
Tho' gods assembled grace his tow'ring height,
Than what more humble mountains offer here,
Where, in their blessings, all those gods appear.
See Pan with flocks, with fruits Pomona crown'd ;
Here blushing Flora paints th' enamell'd ground,
Here Ceres' gifts in waving prospect stand,
And nodding tempt the joyful reaper's hand ;
Rich Industry sits smiling on the plains,
And peace and plenty tell a Stuart reigns.
Not thus the land appear'd in ages past,
A dreary desert, and a gloomy waste ;

To savage beasts and savage laws a prey,
And kings more furious and severe than they;
Who claim'd the skies, dispeopled air and floods,
The lonely lords of empty wilds and woods:
Cities laid waste, they storm'd the dens and caves,
(For wiser brutes were backward to be slaves:)
What could be free, when lawless beasts obey'd,
And ev'n the elements a tyrant sway'd?
In vain kind seasons swell'd the teeming grain,
Soft show'rs distill'd, and suns grew warm in vain;
The swain with tears his frustrate labour yields,
And famish'd dies amidst his ripen'd fields.
What wonder then, a beast or subject slain
Were equal crimes in a despotic reign?
Both doom'd alike, for sportive tyrants bled;
But while the subject starv'd, the beast was fed.
Proud Nimrod first the bloody chace began,
A mighty hunter, and his prey was man:
Our haughty Norman boasts that barb'rous name,
And makes his trembling slaves the royal game.
The fields are ravish'd from th' industrious swains,
From men their cities, and from gods their fanes:
The levell'd towns with weeds lie cover'd o'er;
The hollow winds thro' naked temples roar;
Round broken columns clasping ivy twin'd;
O'er heaps of ruin stalk'd the stately hind;
The fox obscene to gaping tombs retires;
And savage howlings fill the sacred quires.

Aw'd by his nobles, by his commons curst,
Th' oppressor rul'd tyrannic where he durst;
Stretch'd o'er the poor and church his iron rod,
And serv'd alike his vassals and his God.
Whom ev'n the Saxon spar'd, and bloody Dane,
The wanton victims of his sport remain.
But see, the man who spacious regions gave
A waste for beasts, himself denied a grave!
Stretch'd on the lawn his second hope survey,
At once the chaser, and at once the prey:
Lo! Rufus, tugging at the deadly dart,
Bleeds in the forest like a wounded hart.
Succeeding monarchs heard the subjects' cries,
Nor saw displeas'd the peaceful cottage rise.
Then gath'ring flocks on unknown mountains fed;
O'er sandy wilds were yellow harvests spread;
The forests wonder'd at the unusual grain,
And secret transport touch'd the conscious swain.
Fair Liberty, Britannia's Goddess, rears
Her cheerful head, and leads the golden years.
In the clear azure gleam the flocks are seen,
And floating forests paint the waves with green;
Thro' the fair scene roll slow the ling'ring streams,
Then foaming pour along, and rush into the Thames.
Thou, too, great Father of the British floods!
With joyful pride survey'st our lofty woods;
Where tow'ring oaks their growing honours rear,
And future navies on thy shores appear.

Not Neptune's self from all her streams receives
A wealthier tribute than to thine he gives.
No seas so rich, so gay no banks appear,
No lake so gentle, and no spring so clear;
Nor Po so swells the fabling Poet's lays,
While led along the skies his current strays,
As thine, which visits Windsor's fam'd abodes,
To grace the mansion of our earthly gods:
Nor all his stars above a lustre shew
Like the bright beauties on thy banks below;
Where Jove, subdued by mortal passion still,
Might change Olympus for a nobler hill.

Happy the man whom this bright court approves,
His sov'reign favours, and his country loves:
Happy next him, who to these shades retires,
Whom Nature charms, and whom the Muse inspires;
Whom humbler joys of home-felt quiet please,
Successive study, exercise, and ease.
He gathers health from herbs the forest yields,
And of their fragrant physic spoils the fields;
With chemic art exalts the min'ral pow'rs,
And draws the aromatic souls of flow'rs:
Now marks the course of rolling orbs on high;
O'er figur'd worlds now travels with his eye;
Of ancient writ unlocks the learned store,
Consults the dead, and lives past ages o'er:
Or, wand'ring thoughtful in the silent wood,
Attends the duties of the wise and good,

T' observe a mean, be to himself a friend,
To follow nature, and regard his end;
Or looks on heaven with more than mortal eyes,
Bids his free soul expatiate in the skies,
Amid her kindred stars familiar roam,
Survey the region, and confess her home!
Such was the life great Scipio once admir'd;
Thus Atticus, and Trumbal thus, retir'd.

Ye sacred Nine! that all my soul possess,
Whose raptures fire me, and whose visions bless,
Bear me, oh bear me to sequester'd scenes,
The bow'ry mazes, and surrounding greens;
To Thames' banks, which fragrant breezes fill,
Or where ye Muses sport on Cooper's Hill.
(On Cooper's Hill eternal wreaths shall grow,
While lasts the mountain, or while Thames shall flow.)
I seem thro' consecrated walks to rove,
I hear soft music die along the grove:
Led by the sound, I roam from shade to shade,
By godlike poets venerable made:
Here his first lays majestic Denham sung;
There the last numbers flow'd from Cowley's tongue.
O early lost! what tears the river shed,
When the sad pomp along his banks was led!
His drooping swans on ev'ry note expire,
And on his willows hung each Muse's lyre.

Since fate relentless stopp'd their heavenly voice,
No more the forests ring, or groves rejoice;

Who now shall charm the shades where Cowley strung
His living harp, and lofty Denham sung?
But hark! the groves rejoice, the forest rings!
Are these revived? or is it Granville sings?
'Tis yours, my Lord, to bless our soft retreats,
And call the Muses to their ancient seats;
To paint anew the flowery sylvan scenes,
To crown the forests with immortal greens,
Make Windsor hills in lofty numbers rise,
And lift her turrets nearer to the skies;
To sing those honours you deserve to wear,
And add new lustre to her silver star.

Here noble Surrey felt the sacred rage,
Surrey, the Granville of a former age:
Matchless his pen, victorious was his lance,
Bold in the lists, and graceful in the dance:
In the same shades the Cupids tuned his lyre,
To the same notes of love, and soft desire:
Fair Geraldine, bright object of his vow,
Then fill'd the groves, as heavenly Mira now.

Oh would'st thou sing what heroes Windsor bore,
What kings first breathed upon her winding shore;
Or raise old warriors, whose adored remains
In weeping vaults her hallow'd earth contains;
With Edward's acts adorn the shining page,
Stretch his long triumphs down through every age,
Draw monarchs chain'd, and Cressy's glorious field,
The lilies blazing on the regal shield:

Then, from her roofs when Verrio's colours fall,
And leave inanimate the naked wall,
Still in thy song should vanquish'd France appear,
And bleed for ever under Britain's spear.

Let softer strains ill-fated Henry mourn,
And palms eternal flourish round his urn.
Here o'er the Martyr-King the marble weeps,
And, fast beside him, once-fear'd Edward sleeps :
Whom not the extended Albion could contain,
From old Belerium to the northern main,
The grave unites ; where e'en the great find rest,
And blended lie the oppressor and the opprest.

Make sacred Charles' tomb for ever known,
(Obscure the place, and uninscribed the stone.)
Oh fact accurs'd ! what tears has Albion shed !
Heavens, what new wounds ! and how her old have bled!
She saw her sons with purple deaths expire,
Her sacred domes involved in rolling fire,
A dreadful series of intestine wars,
Inglorious triumphs, and dishonest scars.
At length great Anna said—' Let discord cease !'
She said ; the world obeyed ; and all was peace !

In that blest moment from his oozy bed
Old father Thames advanced his reverend head ;
His tresses dropped with dews, and o'er the stream
His shining horns diffused a golden gleam :
Graved on his urn appeared the moon, that guides
His swelling waters and alternate tides ;

The figured streams in waves of silver roll'd,
And on her banks Augusta rose in gold.
Around his throne the sea-born brothers stood,
Who swell with tributary urns his flood:
First, the famed authors of his ancient name,
The winding Isis, and the fruitful Thame;
The Kennet swift, for silver eels renown'd;
The Loddon slow, with verdant alders crown'd;
Cole, whose dark streams his flowery islands lave;
And chalky Wey, that rolls a milky wave:
The blue, transparent Vandalis appears;
The gulfy Lee his sedgy tresses rears;
And sullen Mole, that hides his diving flood;
And silent Darent, stain'd with Danish blood.

High in the midst, upon his urn reclin'd,
His sea-green mantle waving with the wind,
The god appear'd; he turn'd his azure eyes
Where Windsor domes and pompous turrets rise!
Then bowed and spoke; the winds forget to roar,
And the hushed waves glide softly to the shore.

Hail, sacred Peace! hail, long-expected days,
That Thames' glory to the stars shall raise!
Though Tiber's streams immortal Rome behold,
Though foaming Hermus swells with tides of gold,
From Heaven itself though seven-fold Nilus flows,
And harvests on a hundred realms bestows;
These now no more shall be the Muse's themes,
Lost in my fame, as in the sea their streams.

Let Volga's banks with iron squadrons shine,
And groves of lances glitter on the Rhine;
Let barbarous Ganges arm a servile train;
Be mine the blessings of a peaceful reign!
No more my sons shall dye with British blood
Red Iber's sands, or Ister's foaming flood:
Safe on my shore each unmolested swain
Shall tend the flocks, or reap the bearded grain;
The shady empire shall retain no trace
Of war or blood, but in the sylvan chace;
The trumpet sleep, while cheerful horns are blown,
And arms employed on birds and beasts alone.
Behold! the ascending villas on my side
Project long shadows o'er the crystal tide.
Behold! Augusta's glittering spires increase,
And temples rise, the beauteous works of peace.
I see, I see, where two fair cities bend
Their ample bow, a new Whitehall ascend!
There mighty nations shall enquire their doom,
The world's great oracle in times to come;
There kings shall sue, and suppliant states be seen
Once more to bend before a British queen.
Thy trees, fair Windsor! now shall leave their woods,
And half thy forests rush into my floods,
Bear Britain's thunder, and her cross display,
To the bright regions of the rising day;
Tempt icy seas, where scarce the waters roll,
Where clearer flames glow round the frozen pole;

Or under southern skies exalt their sails,
Led by new stars, and borne by spicy gales :
For me the balm shall bleed, and amber flow,
The coral redden, and the ruby glow :
The pearly shell its lucid globe infold,
And Phœbus warm the ripening ore to gold,
The time shall come when, free as seas or wind,
Unbounded Thames shall flow for all mankind ;
Whole nations enter with each swelling tide,
And seas but join the regions they divide ;
Earth's distant ends our glory shall behold,
And the new world launch forth to seek the old.
Then ships of uncouth form shall stem the tide,
And feather'd people crowd my wealthy side,
And naked youths and painted chiefs admire
Our speech, our colour, and our strange attire !
Oh stretch thy reign, fair Peace ! from shore to shore,
Till Conquest cease, and Slavery be no more ;
Till the freed Indians in their native groves
Reap their own fruits, and woo their sable loves ;
Peru once more a race of kings behold,
And other Mexicos be roofed with gold.
Exiled by thee from earth to deepest hell,
In brazen bonds shall barbarous Discord dwell ;
Gigantic Pride, pale Terror, gloomy Care,
And mad Ambition shall attend her there ;
There purple Vengeance bathed in gore retires,
Her weapons blunted, and extinct her fires !

There hateful Envy her own snakes shall feel,
And Persecution mourn her broken wheel;
There Faction roar, Rebellion bite her chain,
And gasping Furies thirst for blood in vain.

Here cease thy flight, nor with unhallow'd lays
Touch the fair fame of Albion's golden days:
The thoughts of gods let Granville's verse recite,
And bring the scenes of opening fate to light.
My humble Muse, in unambitious strains,
Paints the green forests and the flowery plains,
Where Peace descending bids her olives spring,
And scatters blessings from her dove-like wing.
Ev'n I more sweetly pass my careless days,
Pleased in the silent shade with empty praise;
Enough for me, that to the listening swains
First in these fields I sung the sylvan strains.

END OF PART I.

Second Part:—Statesmen.

BURKE.

[BORN 1730—DIED 1797.]

BURKE.

The poetic fame of Waller might be insufficient to give Beaconsfield a permanent place in literary history, but the splendid genius of Burke is certain to keep the name of this town in the memories of men. No person thinks of Chalfont except in connection with Milton, and few speak of Beaconsfield save as the home and burial-place of Burke. The student of the older poetry will not forget the place for Waller's sake, and English orators and statesmen must remember it until Burke is forgotten.

The house of Burke, called "*Gregories*," was close to the town, within sound of the Church-bells; but no part now remains: some walls belonging to the old stables alone mark the spot where stood the residence of "the Philosopher of Beaconsfield." Burke purchased the house and about six hundred acres of land in the year 1768. The greater portion therefore of his public life was connected with this place. He became its master three years after his entry into parliament: hither he withdrew from the conflict of politics; and to this favourite abode he retired to die.

The home of Burke was burned down in April, 1813, about sixteen years after his death. The widow of the great orator continued however to reside in the house endeared to her by the memory of her husband, and in one of its rooms she died. It appears to have been a mansion of commanding appearance, and, with its centre, wings, and corridors, seemed a fit residence for a great statesman. The old trees on the estate are now the sole visible memorials of Burke at Gregories. Under the shade of these he has often meditated on the events of the great war then shaking the ancient kingdoms of Europe. Here Mrs. Thrale heard Johnson and Burke argue. Here, at the beginning of his eventful life, Fox paid a visit to the man who became for a time his teacher, and afterwards his opponent. Here the great French orator and versatile statesman, Mirabeau, spent a short time before the outbreak of that Revolution, which his eloquence had excited. Here, towards the close of his life, Burke received the visits of many exiled French noblemen; and here the celebrated Madame de Genlis visited Burke in 1791. The woman who had been the teacher of Louis-Philippe, a friend to revolutionists, yet a sufferer by the Revolution, must have regarded with no common interest the man whose work on the Revolution was then exciting the attention of Europe.

The burial-place of Burke has less display about it than that of Waller. The attention of every visitor is arrested by the elaborate monument of the poet; a simple tablet on the wall of the south aisle of Beaconsfield church reminds us of the grave of the orator. When a

young man, on his first arrival in London, Burke visited Westminster Abbey, and wrote to a former school-fellow an account of the feelings excited by the building, and by the tombs of the illustrious dead. He adds, "Yet after all, do you know, I would rather sleep in the southern corner of a little country church-yard, than in the tomb of the Capulets." This wish was almost literally gratified. He does not, it is true, rest in a country *church-yard*, but a country church contains his body, and its *south* aisle exhibits his monument. He once remarked, "I should like that my dust should mingle with kindred dust." This is the case: Burke, his wife, his only and loved son Richard, and his brother Richard, all sleep in the same vault.

It must have been a solemn spectacle which the inhabitants of Beaconsfield witnessed on the afternoon of the fifteenth of July, 1797, when the body of Burke was carried to the tomb. All acknowledged that a great man had passed from amongst them, and many of the poorest felt they had lost a sympathizing friend. A great concourse of solemn mourners filled the wide space around the church-yard; seventy members of a friendly society, which Burke had patronized, walked before the coffin; the pall was borne by eight gentlemen, amongst whom were the Speaker of the House of Commons, and the Lord Chancellor. A large attendance of the neighbouring gentry bore witness to the esteem in which the great orator was held in his own county. Many Peers, Members of the House of Commons, and literary men, met together round his coffin, whose voice had so often influenced the deliberations of the senate. All must

have felt that a greater than Waller had taken up his rest in that burial-ground. Westminster would probably have contained the body of Burke; but he had himself expressly directed in his will, that he should "be buried in the church at Beaconsfield, near to the bodies of my dearest brother and my dearest son, in all humility praying, that, as we have lived in perfect unity together, we may together have a part in the resurrection of the just."

The tablet to his memory is placed in front of the pew in which he was accustomed to sit, and contains but four lines referring to him—

NEAR THIS PLACE LIES INTERRED ALL

THAT WAS MORTAL OF THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE EDMUND BURKE,

WHO DIED ON THE 9TH OF JULY, 1797, AGED 68 YEARS.

But we must now state some of the leading facts in the life of this famous man, and call attention to those oratorical and literary powers, which have won for him a lasting fame.

Edmund Burke was born in Dublin on the first of January, 1730, according to the old style. His father, Mr. Richard Burke, was a well-known and trusted attorney, descended from the Burkes of Galway. The family is said to have sprung from the De Burghs who invaded Ireland under Strongbow, in the time of Henry

II. The mother of the future orator had been a Miss Nagle, whose great aunt, Ellen Nagle, was the wife of Sylvanus Spenser, a son of the famous author of the "*Faery Queene.*" Burke was one of a family of fourteen or fifteen children, of whom only four survived the period of childhood. These four were,—*Garret*, who died in 1765, possessed of a family estate in the neighbourhood of Spenser's castle of Kilcolman; *Edmund*, the subject of this notice; *Richard*, who died 1794, and is buried in Beaconsfield church; and *Juliana*, who was married to Mr. French, an Irish gentleman. The descendants of this lady now represent the family of the Burkes. Her daughter, Mrs. Haviland, died in 1816, leaving a son, Thomas Haviland Burke, of Lincoln's Inn, to take the name and bear the arms of his famous relative.

As Burke's parents held different religious creeds, the father being a Protestant, and the mother a Roman Catholic, the sons were educated in the belief of the father, and the daughters in that of the mother. The three brothers were therefore sent to Protestant schools, but Edmund for four or five years "played at learning," under a country school-master named O'Halloran. His teacher afterwards boasted, that "No matter how great Master Edmund was, *he* was the first who had ever put a Latin Grammar into his hands."

When about twelve years of age, Burke and his two brothers were sent to a school at Ballitore, in Kildare, conducted by Mr. Abraham Shackleton, one of the Society of Friends. The school was, in fact, under the direction of this religious body, and had gained a high reputation in the south of Ireland. Here the mind of

Burke began to unfold its powers: the pupil suited the teacher, and the teacher the pupil. He sought for knowledge with a passionate desire, and trained his reason and imagination by the study of the historians and poets. Some of the older romances probably did him no good, but the amount of his idle reading was but small.

Burke now acquired that taste for philosophical investigation which never left him. We see this not only in his work on "*The Sublime and Beautiful*," but also in his Letters and Speeches, in which reflections are constantly occurring indicative of a high and profound wisdom. Here too he probably formed those principles of religious toleration to which he adhered through life. It was not to be wondered at, that the child of a Protestant father and Roman Catholic mother, and the pupil of a Quaker, should learn to look upon differences in religion with much kindly forbearance.

Burke remained three years at this school, and the feelings of strong regard which he cherished for his preceptor may be estimated from the following passage in one of his speeches in the House of Commons, when he was fifty years old: "I was educated as a Protestant of the Church of England by a Dissenter, who was an honour to his sect. Under his eye I read the Bible morning, noon, and night; and I have ever since been the happier and better man for such reading."

He left Ballitore for Trinity College, Dublin, which he entered as a pensioner, April 14th, 1744. Here he continued the wide range of study commenced at Ballitore. He spent three hours every day in the

University library, reading the Greek and Latin authors, works on the philosophy of the mind, history, and the belles lettres. History, literature, and philosophy seem to have been his favourite pursuits, and the latter he called "the queen of arts, and the daughter of heaven." Like many thoughtful men, he was particularly attracted by the essays of Lord Bacon. At this period he overrated the merits of some of the second-class poets, placing Young, the author of the *Night Thoughts*, on a level with Homer, and saying of Waller—"'Tis surprising how so much softness and so much grandeur could dwell in one soul." It must not however be forgotten, that his reverence for Milton was equal to his admiration of Young.

His brother Richard probably referred to this industry, when, in after years, he remarked, "I have been wondering how Ned contrived to monopolize all the talents of the family; but then again, I remember, when we were at play, he was always at work." This wide course of general study, and not indolence, may have been the cause which prevented him from winning any remarkable honours in the University. He was however anxious to gain that most valuable power, a habit of concentrated working. In a letter written shortly after he entered College, he says, "I am too giddy. This is the bane of my life. It hurries me from my studies, and I am afraid will hinder me from knowing anything thoroughly. I have a superficial knowledge of many things, but scarce the bottom of any." Many an ardent student has felt this.

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Burke obtained a scholarship in the third year of his course, and was commended for his answers in the examination. From this it may be inferred that he had at least kept up the regular college reading. It is certain that he several times received the thanks of the authorities for "attendance at lectures." He took his degree of B. A. in February, 1748, and it then became necessary for him to decide upon a profession. He naturally turned to the Law. His father's position might prove of service to the son, and the bar was at that period the great arena towards which the educated young men of Ireland directed their steps. It was for them the road to public honour and official dignities.

Burke had more than the ordinary ambition of his countrymen, and a degree of talent, industry, and knowledge possessed by few of his contemporaries. With such qualities he looked for occupations far more important than were afforded by the lecture halls of Trinity. He was entered at the Middle Temple in April, 1747, and in 1750 took up his residence in London, in order to keep the terms. This was an important epoch in his life. He was now introduced to many friends of his family, who were able and willing to advance his interests. Burke did not enter London unbefriended; he had that kind of introduction to lawyers, physicians, and literary men, which was amply sufficient for a man of genius and knowledge, and the want of which has tried many a brave heart.

The courts of Westminster, however, were not the destined scenes of Burke's triumphs: he was gradually drawn away from legal studies by the fascinations of

literature and politics, subjects so closely connected with law and history, that some of the most eminent lawyers have been as much noted for their acquaintance with literature as for their knowledge of law. His first work was a piece of well-conceived and polished irony, an attack on the notion, held by some sentimental philosophers, that men were much happier in the savage than in the civilized state. This opinion had been insinuated by Lord Bolingbroke, and has, since his time, found advocates among the disciples of Rousseau. Bolingbroke died in 1751 : his works were published three years after, and his friends declared the style of his treatises to be inimitable. In 1756, Burke put forth anonymously the pamphlet entitled "*A Vindication of Natural Society*," in which he so perfectly imitated the style of Bolingbroke, that the best critics of the day for a time believed it to be one of his lordship's productions. Not only the language, but the modes of thought; not the beauties alone, but the peculiar defects of Bolingbroke, were exactly imitated. In the same year Burke published his well-known "*Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful*," which had been commenced before he reached his twentieth year. This production disposed the father of Burke to acquiesce in his son's abandonment of the law : he saw that the author of such a performance was likely to accomplish something greater.

The year in which this Essay appeared was marked by an important event in the life of Burke. His health having become affected by study, he retired to Bath, and placed himself under the care of a relative, Dr. Nugent, in whose house he took up his abode.

This gentleman had a daughter, Miss Jane Mary Nugent. The invalid student became a lover, and the result was, that the doctor's patient became the husband of his daughter. The lady was, like Burke, a native of Ireland. Her father was a Roman Catholic; but her mother being a Presbyterian, the daughter was brought up a Protestant. This fact, however, was not generally known; for some of Burke's public enemies not only charged him with being a Jesuit, but insinuated that his wife was a Papist. There were but two children of this marriage, both sons: one died in infancy, the other grew up to manhood, and became a sharer in his father's labour and fame, until his death at the age of thirty-five. Shortly after his marriage, Burke entered into engagements with the publishers for the production of various works. The most famous, and, perhaps, the most advantageous of these, was the periodical entitled the "*Annual Register*," published by Robert Dodsley, the leading bookseller of that time, and the first volume of which appeared in 1759.

So little satisfied was Burke with his position about this time, that he entertained serious thoughts of emigrating to America, where he hoped to obtain some government employment. His father's determined opposition, and his own improving prospects, induced him at length to abandon the design. The information which he had acquired respecting the American colonies was not however lost. In 1757, Dodsley published a work entitled "*An Account of the European Settlements in America*," which was the production of Burke. He was thus early furnishing himself with that knowledge of

those important settlements which enabled him, in after years, to warn the English government and people of the consequences sure to arise from their inconsiderate conduct towards the colonies.

Burke had now become known to many eminent men, and by one of these, Lord Charlemont, he was introduced into active political life. His lordship was acquainted with Mr. Gerald Hamilton, who won for himself the name of "single-speech Hamilton." When this gentleman went to Ireland in 1761, as Secretary to the Viceroy, Lord Halifax, he selected Burke as his own private Secretary. This office gave him abundant work, but little honour. So fully however were his services appreciated, that a pension of £300 a year was settled upon him by the Irish Government in the year 1763.

In July, 1765, the Grenville ministry was broken up, and a new administration formed by the Marquis of Rockingham. The Marquis appointed Burke to be his private Secretary, and from this hour to the close of his life Burke must be classed with the men who laboured for the honour of England, and the happiness of mankind. Not one man in the Rockingham administration, it may safely be affirmed, was the equal of the Prime Minister's Secretary, in knowledge, genius, or eloquence. A gentleman, well acquainted with the most able men of that period, says of Burke, "He was the only man, since the days of Cicero, who has united the talents of speaking and writing with irresistible force and eloquence." The time was a critical one in the history of England. The American provinces had become irritated by the

attempts to tax them. They had already felt their strength during the struggle between France and England: Washington had shewn his military caution in retrieving the blunders of general Braddock: many of the high-spirited provincial officers had been disgusted by the arrogance shewn towards them by the officers of the royal regiments: above all, there were now in the different provinces many men of powerful intellects and determined spirits, of like principles with Franklin, Adams, and Jefferson. In the face of all these perilous elements, Mr. George Grenville had procured the passing of the American Stamp Act, in February 1765. So blind were the public men of the day to the probable consequences of this infatuated measure, that not more than forty Members of the House of Commons opposed the bill. One object of the Rockingham administration was to allay the storm in the colonies, and in this work the Minister was nobly aided by the knowledge and eloquence of his Secretary. Burke came into Parliament as Member for the now-disfranchised borough of Wendover, in Buckinghamshire, and gained great applause by two speeches in favour of repealing the Stamp Act, which Dr. Johnson said "had filled the town with wonder."

The Rockingham administration ended its existence in July 1766, having governed the country for a year and a few days only. The new ministry was formed with the greatest difficulty by the Earl of Chatham. Burke refused to take any office in this administration, and betook himself from the schemings of politicians to the beautiful scenery of the South and West of

Ireland. He some years after gave, in his speech on American Taxation, the following humorous account of the men who composed the Chatham ministry :—

"He made an administration, so chequered and speckled; he put together a piece of joinery, so crossly indented and whimsically dove-tailed; a cabinet so variously inlaid; such a piece of diversified Mosaic; such a tesselated pavement without cement; here a bit of black stone, and there a bit of white; patriots and courtiers, king's friends and republicans; whigs and tories; treacherous friends and open enemies,—that it was indeed a very curious show, but utterly unsafe to touch, and unsure to stand on. The colleagues whom he had assorted at the same boards stared at each other, and were obliged to ask, "Sir, your name?—Sir, you have the advantage of me—Mr. Such-a-one—I beg a thousand pardons—" I venture to say, it did so happen, that persons had a single office divided between them, who had never spoken to each other in their lives, until they found themselves, they knew not how, pigging together, heads and points, in the same truckle-bed."

The reader must not however suppose that Burke intended to depreciate the great name of Chatham. Just before giving the above sketch he had said :—

"The state (in the condition I have described it) was delivered into the hands of Lord Chatham—a great and celebrated name; a name that keeps the name of

this country respectable in every other on the globe. It may be truly called,

> Clarum et venerabile nomen
> Gentibus, et multum nostræ quod proderat urbi."

Whilst Burke was enjoying himself in Ireland, his political enemies were attacking him in the London newspapers. Many thought that none but a great landowner should dare to express an opinion. "Who is this Mr. Burke, my Lord?" said one of these men to Lord Crewe. "Why, he's nobody. He has not got our number of acres, my Lord." Burke rested his claims on far higher grounds. "I was not," said he, on one occasion, "swaddled, rocked, and dandled into a legislator. *Nitor in adversum* is the motto for a man like me."

Having been returned, at the general election in 1768, for Wendover, Burke resolved on fixing his home in Buckinghamshire, and purchased the house and estate near Beaconsfield, for about £20,000. The reader must not suppose from this that Burke was a rich man: part of the money was advanced by some of his relatives, and another part was a loan from his steady friend, the Marquis of Rockingham. The Marquis offered the money unsolicited, and Burke accepted the proposal, giving his bond for the repayment, when he should come into possession of adequate funds. This generous nobleman died in 1782, and, by a clause in his will, cancelled the bond of Burke, thus converting the loan into a gift.

Many events were at that time producing a deep excitement among all ranks of the people. The Metropolis

was agitated by fierce disputes and riots, caused by the refusal of the House of Commons to allow Wilkes to sit for Westminster. The mysterious, insolent, and malicious, but attractive letters of Junius increased the popular excitement, and confounded the ministers. To these causes of disquiet at home were added the unmistakable signs of the coming tempest in America.

In 1771 the State of New York appointed Burke to act as its political agent in London. This office was worth about £700 a year, but the responsibilities connected with it were of the most serious nature. The colonies were advancing with rapid strides to rebellion, and a rash speech or an imprudent dispatch might bring on the crisis. The state of America, indeed, was now becoming so critical, that Burke saw a desperate civil war was inevitable, unless Ministers could be awakened to the perils of their position. He therefore seized the opportunity given by a motion made in the House for the repeal of the duty on tea in America, to deliver his famous speech on American Taxation. This speech was admired, and the orator was applauded ; but he was outvoted, and the American colonies were lost to Britain.

On the dissolution of Parliament, Burke was chosen by the influence of Lord Rockingham for the ancient, but small borough of Malton in Yorkshire. As he was about to sit down to the election dinner, some gentlemen from Bristol arrived, with an intimation that he had been already proposed in that city, and requesting him to proceed thither immediately. The Malton electors having given their consent, Burke set off on Tuesday, the 11th of October, and reached Bristol at half-past two

on the afternoon of Thursday, the sixth day of the poll. He proceeded to the Guildhall, and addressed the electors, alluding most forcibly to the coming crisis in America. The contest was hot, but, after a poll of *twenty-seven* days, Burke was returned for what was then deemed the second port in the kingdom. The next year, 1775, the war began in America, by the conflict between the royal troops and colonists at Lexington. This happened in April: in the January preceding Burke had made an effort to prevent hostilities by a powerful and ingenious speech: but his prophetic counsels were in vain: he found but seventy-eight members to support him. During the struggle which followed, events demonstrated the miserable management of the Minister, who had laughed at the warnings of Burke. Europe saw imbecility and insolence at the head of English affairs, and Europe combined against Britain.

While the American contest was raging, Burke turned his attention to the internal affairs of the empire. He was especially anxious, at such a critical time, to unite England and Ireland more closely, by removing all the marks of subjection and inferiority which had become so galling to the latter country. He therefore advocated the removal of restrictions on Irish trade, and the abolition of the laws which prevented even the loyal Roman Catholic from entering any of the professions.

When Sir George Saville brought in his bill to abolish some of the penal statutes which pressed most severely on the Roman Catholics, Burke gave the measure his support. The Bill was seconded by the eloquent

Dunning, afterwards Lord Ashburton, and Burke says —"With this mover and this seconder agreed the *whole* House of Commons, the *whole* House of Lords, the *whole* bench of Bishops, the King, the Ministry, the Opposition; all the distinguished Clergy of the Establishment; all the eminent lights of the Dissenting Churches." There can however be little doubt, that these concessions were disliked by a large body of the English people. In June 1780, the Gordon Riots terrified the Metropolis: the lowest ruffians took advantage of the excitement, to plunder, and burn public and private buildings. The house of Lord Mansfield, Chief Justice of the King's Bench, was burned, and his valuable library destroyed. Some of the mob threatened to attack the house of Burke in Charles Street, St. James' Square: he placed Mrs. Burke, his papers, and valuables in the house of General Burgoyne, and then went out amongst the crowd, and remonstrated with the more orderly.

When the Parliament was dissolved in 1780, he again presented himself at Bristol, and defended his advocacy of Free Trade for Ireland, and of the Roman Catholic claims; but the current of opposition was too strong to be turned back. Burke therefore bade farewell to his Bristol friends, who were numerous, and again became Member for Malton.

In the year following his rejection at Bristol, he was the means of rescuing from deep distress, perhaps from ruin, the poet Crabbe. The author of "*The Parish Register*," and "*The Borough*," had left his hated apothecary's shop at Aldborough, had borrowed money

to reach London, when there had got into debt, was threatened with a prison, and found no means of gaining access to publishers. He wrote letters and sent copies of his poems to Lord North, the Prime Minister, to Lord Shelburne, and to Lord Chancellor Thurlow: but from none did he receive a reply. At last the name of Burke occurred to him. He wrote an account of his position, and with his own hands gave in the letter at Burke's residence. The agitation of Crabbe was too great to permit him to sleep that night, and he walked to and fro over Westminster bridge, until the dawn of day. Burke sent an answer, and appointed a time for a meeting. Crabbe went at the hour named, shewed some of his works to Burke, and from that moment his difficulties were no longer insurmountable. His generous patron took two of Crabbe's poems, "*The Library*" and "*The Village*," to Dodsley, the publisher, and in the same year "*The Library*" was published. Burke did more: He extricated the poet from his immediate difficulties by supplies of money, and, inviting him to Beaconsfield, gave him a room in his own house. To open still further the road to success, Burke introduced Crabbe to the Chancellor, Lord Thurlow, who was now ready to notice his lately-neglected suppliant; to Sir Joshua Reynolds; to Dr. Johnson, whose sturdy spirit could sympathize with one who had known hardship and contempt; and to other influential men. If the world has been benefitted by the simple pathos and power of Crabbe's poetry, to Burke no small share of the world's thanks are due.

In 1782, Lord North resigned, and the Marquis of Rockingham again becoming the head of the Government, Burke was made paymaster of the forces, and joined with his colleagues in promoting peace with America. The Marquis of Rockingham died in July of the same year, and Lord Shelburne was appointed to succeed him. Fox, Burke, and other friends of the late Marquis, disliked Shelburne, and threw up their offices; and thus lost the honour of concluding the war. The preliminary articles of peace were signed by Lord Shelburne the same year.

In December 1783, Burke delivered his celebrated speech on Mr. Fox' India Bill. He shewed so thorough an acquaintance with that distant country, with its people, laws, and religions, that all felt he at least was fitted to legislate for the millions of Hindostan. The following brief but eloquent description of India occurs at the commencement of the speech :—

"A people for ages civilized and cultivated; cultivated by all the arts of polished life, whilst we were yet in the woods. There, have been (and still the skeletons remain) princes once of great dignity, authority, and opulence. There, are to be found the chiefs of tribes and nations. There, is to be found an ancient and venerable priesthood, the depositary of their laws, learning, and history, the guides of the people whilst living, and their consolation in death; a nobility of great antiquity and renown; a multitude of cities, not exceeded in population and trade by those of the first class in Europe; merchants and bankers, individual houses of

whom have once vied in capital with the Bank of England, whose credit had often supported a tottering state, and preserved their governments in the midst of war and desolation; millions of ingenious manufacturers and mechanics; millions of the most diligent, and not the least intelligent, tillers of the earth. There, are to be found almost all the religions professed by men, the Brahminical, the Mussulman, the Eastern and the Western Christians."

The year following was one of quiet for Burke: but before its close he lost three trusted and valued friends,—Sir George Saville, General Haviland, of Penn, whose son had married a niece of Burke, and Dr. Johnson, between whom and Burke there had existed an unbroken friendship of twenty-seven years.

The year 1786 was the beginning of the most harassing period of the life of Burke. It was now he began to prepare his charges against the celebrated Warren Hastings. Never since the trial of the Bishops was Westminster Hall the scene of such excitement. The most brilliant orators of England, Burke, Fox, Sheridan, Windham, and Grey, described the wrongs of India before the Peers, the Commons, and Members of the Royal Family, and in the presence of a crowded assembly, which filled the Hall before eight o'clock in the gloom of a February morning. The trial began in February 1788, and was not ended until April 1795, when Hastings was acquitted.

The oratorical powers of Burke were developed with extraordinary splendour in his opening speech on this

trial. The facts of the case were indeed startling, and some ladies, amongst them Mrs. Sheridan, even fainted during the recital of certain cruelties perpetrated by the native agents of Hastings. Mrs. Siddons herself, though familiar, as an actress, with all the varieties of over-mastering passions, is said to have been almost overcome. Even the Lord Chancellor Thurlow, the determined friend of the accused, was for a time staggered; and Hastings himself afterwards said, "For half-an-hour I looked up at the orator in a reverie of wonder; and during that space, I actually felt myself the most culpable man on earth." Burke ended his great speech with these words:—

"I impeach Warren Hastings of high crimes and misdemeanours: I impeach him in the name of the Commons' House of Parliament, whose trust he has betrayed: I impeach him in the name of the English nation, whose ancient honour he has sullied: I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose rights he has trodden under foot, and whose country he has turned into a desert: Lastly, in the name of human nature itself, in the name of both sexes, in the name of every age, in the name of every rank, I impeach the common enemy and oppressor of all."

Burke had not suffered himself to be wholly absorbed by the prosecution of Hastings. Whilst he was engaged in this trial, the French Revolution broke out, and exhibited to Europe a new species of political frenzy. Burke had from the first looked upon the leaders of the

French Democrats with suspicion, and this feeling was changed into the most determined opposition, by the atrocities of the mobs of Paris. This extraordinary outburst of "ferocious indocility" separated Burke from many of his old Whig friends, and especially from his former pupil Fox. Many of the Whigs believed that the Revolution would regenerate France: Burke felt that it was the road to her destruction, or the prelude to a despotism. Fox praised, in the House, the Revolution, and applauded the military for siding with the people. Burke instantly rose, and declared he would part from his oldest friends, rather than support so destructive a change. Fox seemed astonished at the warmth of Burke, and made a conciliatory reply. Sheridan now rose, and further irritated Burke by charging him with the abandonment of his old Whig principles. Burke's reply was sarcastic and decided: he regretted that Sheridan and others had become the spokesmen of debating clubs, and finished by announcing that he and his old friends were now parted. Every effort was made by the great Whig leaders to effect a reconciliation. A meeting was held at Burlington House, when the differences between Burke and Fox were discussed, from ten at night till three in the morning. But the quarrel was from its nature irreconcilable: one approved, the other abhorred the Revolution.

In 1790, Burke published his far-famed production, "*Reflections on the Revolution in France.*" The following celebrated passage on Marie Antoinette will shew some of the causes of his opposition to the Democrats:—

"It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the queen of France, then the dauphiness, at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in,—glittering like the morning-star, full of life, and splendour, and joy. Oh! what a revolution! and what a heart must I have to contemplate without emotion that elevation and that fall! Little did I dream, when she added titles of veneration to those of enthusiastic, distant, respectful love, that she should ever be obliged to carry the sharp antidote against disgrace concealed in that bosom: little did I dream, that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men, in a nation of men of honour, and of cavaliers. I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult. But the age of chivalry is gone. That of sophisters, economists, and calculators has succeeded; and the glory of Europe is extinguished for ever. Never, never more shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom. The unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise, is gone! It is gone, that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honour, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage whilst it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it

touched, and under which vice itself lost half its evil, by losing all its grossness."

The brutal assault of the mob on the royal family is thus depicted :—

"History will record, that, on the morning of the 6th of October, 1789, the king and queen of France, after a day of confusion, alarm, dismay, and slaughter, lay down, under the pledged security of public faith, to indulge nature in a few hours of respite, and troubled, melancholy repose. From this sleep the queen was first startled by the voice of the sentinel at her door, who cried out to her to save herself by flight—that this was the last proof of fidelity he could give—that they were upon him, and he was dead. Instantly he was cut down. A band of cruel ruffians and assassins, reeking with his blood, rushed into the chamber of the queen, and pierced with a hundred strokes of bayonets and poniards the bed, from whence this persecuted woman had but just time to fly almost naked, and, through ways unknown to the murderers, had escaped to seek refuge at the feet of a king and husband, not secure of his own life for a moment.

"This king, to say no more of him, and this queen, and their infant children, who once would have been the pride and hope of a great and generous people, were then forced to abandon the sanctuary of the most splendid palace in the world, which they left swimming in blood, polluted by massacre, and strewed with scattered limbs and mutilated carcases. After they had been made to taste, drop by drop, more than the bitterness of

death, in the slow torture of a journey of twelve miles, protracted to six hours, they were, under a guard composed of those very soldiers who had thus conducted them through this famous triumph, lodged in one of the old palaces of Paris, now converted into a bastile for kings.

"Is this a triumph to be consecrated at altars? to be commemorated with grateful thanksgiving? to be offered to the Divine Humanity with fervent prayer and enthusiastic ejaculation?

"At first I was at a loss to account for this fit of unguarded transport. I knew, indeed, that the sufferings of monarchs make a delicious repast to some sort of palates. There was, however, (as in all human affairs there is,) in the midst of this joy, something to exercise the patience of these worthy gentlemen, and try the long-suffering of their faith. The actual murder of the king and queen, and their child, was wanting to the other auspicious circumstances of this "*beautiful day.*" The actual murder of the bishops, though called for by so many holy ejaculations, was also wanting. A group of regicide and sacrilegious slaughter was indeed boldly sketched, but it was only sketched. It unhappily was left unfinished, in this great history-piece of the massacre of innocents."

In one paragraph he forcibly contrasts the national feeling of England with that of France:—

"We are not the converts of Rousseau; we are not the disciples of Voltaire; Helvetius has made no pro-

gress amongst us. Atheists are not our preachers; madmen are not our lawgivers. We know that *we* have made no discoveries, and we think that no discoveries are to be made, in morality; nor many in the great principles of government; nor in the ideas of liberty, which were understood long before we were born, altogether as well as they will be after the grave has heaped its mould upon our presumption, and the silent tomb shall have imposed its law on our pert loquacity. In England we have not yet been completely embowelled of our natural entrails; we still feel within us, and we cherish and cultivate, those inbred sentiments which are the faithful guardians, the active monitors of our duty, the true supporters of all liberal and manly morals. We have not been drawn and trussed, in order that we may be filled, like stuffed birds in a museum, with chaff, and rags, and paltry blurred shreds of paper about the rights of man. We preserve the whole of our feelings still native and entire, unsophisticated by pedantry and infidelity. We have real hearts of flesh and blood beating in our bosoms. We fear God; we look up with awe to kings; with affection to parliaments; with duty to magistrates; with reverence to priests; and with respect to nobility."

"*The Reflections*" infuriated the advocates of the Revolution, but made Burke the most popular man in England. There can be no doubt that his denunciation of the violent party in France agreed with the sentiments of the great majority of Englishmen. So great was the popularity of this work, that 7000 copies were sold in six days, and above 19,000 within a year from its first

appearance in *Nov.* 1790. In France too it was translated, and many thousand copies were soon sold in that country.

The great work of Burke's life was now over. He had uttered his warning voice, and given his best counsel to his country and to Europe. He now sought for retirement, and in 1794 took his farewell of Parliamentary life, and hastened to enjoy the quiet of his house at Beaconsfield. The death of his only son, in the same year, gave a shock to the bodily energies of Burke, from which he never recovered. His long devotion to public business had not only undermined his health, but had involved him in heavy debts. The king and the minister, Mr. Pitt, therefore felt that a pecuniary grant would be an appropriate acknowledgement of his eminent services. They accordingly procured for him a pension of £2500, and probably few such rewards have been more fully earned.

The last year but one of Burke's life was nobly occupied in procuring the establishment of a school at Penn, near Beaconsfield, for the children of French Royalists, who had lost their lives in the Revolution. Urged by his entreaties, the Marquis of Buckingham obtained from the Treasury a grant of £50 a month for the support of the institution. Burke superintended the studies of these boys, and sent provisions to the masters from his own house. This establishment existed up to the year 1820, the French government having borne the expense for the six years preceding.

In the beginning of the year 1797, the symptoms of general debility became so marked, that the friends of

Burke urged a visit to Bath, as the only means of recovery. He therefore took up his abode in that city, from February to May. Wilberforce, in his Diary for that year, wrote—"Poor Burke came down, quite emaciated;" and in April we also find the following entry—"Burke was lying on a sofa, much emaciated, and Windham, Laurence, and some other friends were round him." The visit to Bath was of no service, and Burke resolved to hasten home, saying of the journey, "It is so far at least on my way to the tomb, that I may as well travel it alive as dead."

Fox heard of the approaching dissolution of his former friend, and asked permission to see him, before death should prevent the words of reconciliation: Burke declined the interview, giving as his reason, that men might suspect the sincerity of his opposition to the Revolution, were he to meet its greatest advocate.

Burke died on the 9th of July, 1797, having spent some hours of the last two days of his life in reading the work of Wilberforce on "*The Practical View of Christianity*." "He appeared," wrote Dr. Laurence, "neither to wish nor to dread, but patiently and placidly to await the appointed hour of his dissolution."

As an orator Burke occupies a high position. Great sagacity, almost boundless ingenuity, a power of illustrating his argument by images drawn from a vast range of subjects, and a most impassioned imagination, were united to form his peculiar eloquence. Perhaps he did not possess what Lord Brougham calls "fierce, nervous, overwhelming declamation, and close rapid argument."

His influence as an orator would have been far greater, had he possessed a more delicate tact in the management of men, and a judgment sufficiently strong to guide his own vehement passions. From these causes it probably happened that, towards the close of his life, he was not acceptable to the House as a speaker.

It is however as a writer that Burke now lives among men. The speeches of Pitt, Fox, and Sheridan, are still read as specimens of eloquence, but the works of Burke are yet intently studied as lessons of political wisdom. Reflections and principles, which are of use to statesmen of all times and countries, abound in his pages. "Whenever I am at a loss," said a foreigner of distinction, "on any public subject, bearing on the interest or welfare of mankind, I begin to turn over the volumes of Mr. Burke." It is therefore probable that, as a writer, he will be read as long as the English language endures.

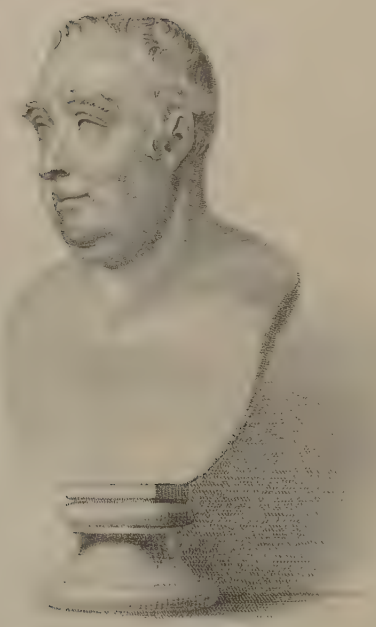
Much of Burke's success as an orator and a writer arose from his varied knowledge. He seemed to know something of everything: not only antiquarians and philologists, painters and sculptors, but even farmers and miners found him possessed of much of their peculiar knowledge. Even Dr. Johnson submitted to correction and contradiction from Burke. It was this range of information which gave such a peculiar interest to his conversation. "Burke," said Johnson, "does not talk from a desire of distinction, but because his mind is full. Take up whatever topic you please—he is ready to meet you." His great rival Fox declared, "that all he had learned from books was as nothing compared with what he had learned from Mr. Burke."

To these intellectual gifts were joined a kindly heart, an honourable frankness, and an independent spirit. His kindness to Barry, the painter, and Crabbe, the poet, might be mentioned as examples of his generosity; but the poor of Beaconsfield, and the orphan children of murdered French loyalists also bore witness to his exertions in their behalf.

Such was the man whose life has now been briefly sketched, of whom Beaconsfield may justly be proud, and whose enduring reputation contributes to the glory of England.

FOX.

[BORN 1749—DIED 1806.]



FOX.

St. Anne's Hill, near Chertsey, suggests to most Englishmen the name of Charles James Fox. More than half way up this well-known hill, on the south-east side, stands a white mansion, very simple in its appearance, but commanding a rich expanse of country below. In front of the house the sloping ground is tastefully laid out in gardens, lawn, and flowery wilderness; and many a memorial reminds the visitor that he is within the former home of Fox. It was to this house he retired, to enjoy the quietude of a country life, after thirty years of the fiercest political agitation; and here he found more delight in tending his roses, than in guiding the manœuvres of political parties. The place was well adapted for the retirement of a man like Fox. He was a lover of the beautiful, and St. Anne's shewed him the varied richness of the valley of the Thames: at his feet lay the old monastic town of Chertsey: on one side Cooper's Hill and Windsor Castle were visible; on another he could see Harrow Church; and still further off the dome of St. Paul's rose on the horizon. He delighted in intellectual society, and this home was

within easy distance of London. The stormy excitement of his life rendered repose necessary, and St. Anne's was sufficiently remote from the centre of political strife to afford him a temporary tranquillity.

There can be little doubt that the happiest years of the life of Fox were the five which he spent in this spot, from 1797 to 1802. He had endeavoured to prevent a war with France: he found the nation, the Parliament, and the King against him. Political differences had separated him from some of his earliest and most valued friends; and he therefore resolved to retire awhile from the storm of party strife, to this tranquil home.

We have here an impressive instance of the value of literary tastes. Fox found in Homer, Euripides, Demosthenes, and Herodotus, in Italian and Spanish poets, and in English historians and dramatists, a compensation for his withdrawal from the excitement of political life. Abundant proofs of this will appear in a subsequent part of this Memoir.

The reader will pardon us if we anticipate a little, by placing before him, in a few lines, the manner of Fox' life at this his favourite home. When the weather was favourable, and before his health became affected, he was often seen by the earliest labourers in the fields, as he rode down to the river to take his morning bath in the Thames. This was his usual practice at seven every morning. After breakfast, he went to his library, and would sometimes read above a thousand verses of Homer in a morning, or become wholly absorbed in the plot of some Spanish drama.

Eton, Published by E. P. Williams

The summer evenings were given to conversations with literary or political friends, in the octagon building, called "The Holland." At other times, on the lawn in front of the house, might be seen a proof that Fox never quite lost his boyishness. Of his great rival, Pitt, it was said, "he never was a boy;" but of Fox it might truly be remarked, that he never quite ceased to be a boy. In the last year of his life, when Secretary of State, and unable to stand from ill health, he might be seen playing trap-ball with two merry boys, the children of Lady Albemarle, then visiting at St. Anne's; "Mr. Fox," it is added, "always having the innings, and we boys the bowling and fagging out."

After such an illustration of his natural and simple character, we shall not be surprised to find him, on another occasion, very earnest in making arrangements with Lord Holland to dine at Maidenhead, and then go on the water "to see the boys row up to 'Surly Hall' on the 4th of June."

He would in the spring often stroll out upon the hill after night-fall, to listen for the first song of the nightingale. The following passage in a letter to his nephew, Lord Holland, was written on the 19th of April, 1801, at St. Anne's, and exhibits in a few words the powerful influence which the varying forms of nature exercised over the mind of Fox: "Never did a letter arrive in a worse time, my dear young one, than yours this morning; a sweet westerly wind, a beautiful sun, all the thorns and elms just budding, and the nightingales just beginning to sing."

He seems to have had a peculiar liking for the note of this bird. In one April we find him writing, "Nightingales not come yet; and it will be well if I do not quite miss hearing them this spring." In 1802, after finishing a letter at St. Anne's on political matters, he threw into a postscript the words, "This is a delightful day here; nightingales singing merrily."

The beautiful grounds of his former home have yet some memorials to recall to us the days when the greatest orators of the British Senate walked up the grassy slope in front of the mansion, or sat beneath the shade of the stately trees. The house is close to the town of Chertsey; a pleasant walk of ten minutes will bring the visitor to the gates, or introduce him to the sequestered nooks and leafy dells of St. Anne's.

We now proceed to glance at the main incidents of the life of Fox, and to note the peculiar characteristics of his genius. A few passages from his best speeches will serve to exhibit his political sentiments and oratorical powers.

Charles James Fox was born in Conduit Street, London, on the 24th of January, 1749, being the third son of Henry, afterwards Lord Holland. The grandfather of the future orator was Sir Stephen Fox, of Farley, Wiltshire,—a man well-known to all who are acquainted with the leading men in the court of Charles II. Stephen Fox laid the foundation of the family fortunes. He was at first clerk of the kitchen to Charles II., when the king was an exile, and when both purse and kitchen required a careful manager. This Stephen proved to be,

and by degrees so ingratiated himself with his majesty, that he was taken into his most intimate confidence. Two years before the Restoration the king made Mr. Fox a grant of arms, three *foxes'* heads, and for the crest a *fox* sitting. In 1665 the sovereign knighted his favourite, who became paymaster of the forces, and Member of Parliament for Salisbury. He married a second time at the age of eighty, the lady having attracted him by reading to him "books of devotion and history." One son from this marriage was Henry, the father of Charles James Fox. His mother was lady Georgiana Carolina Lennox, a descendant of Charles II. and sister of the Duke of Richmond.

The education of Fox was, for some years, conducted by a French gentleman, M. Pampillone, who kept a school at Wandsworth, where the future statesman seems to have remained until his ninth year, when he was sent to Eton. The extraordinary indulgence with which his father treated every caprice of his son no doubt sowed the seeds of much evil in the heart of the boy. No one was allowed to contradict him, and every arrangement was made to depend upon the wishes of young Charles. The following singular instance of this is related: Mr. Fox had promised his son, that he should be present when a certain garden wall was thrown down: it so happened that the wall was removed, by some mistake, during the absence of the boy: Mr. Fox instantly ordered it to be rebuilt, that his son might see it taken down.

From Wandsworth he was sent to Eton in 1758, where he remained, with some interruptions, until 1764.

His studies were at one time interfered with by a journey to Paris, in company with his father, who is said to have, even at so early a period, introduced his son to the perils of the gaming-table. Young Fox was too fond of his studies to be quite estranged from them by the liberty he enjoyed at Paris. He therefore returned, at his own request, to Eton. Fox kept up to the last year of his life the studies he had commenced there, and in the busiest and most anxious periods would always secure half-an-hour for intercourse with his early favourites, Homer and Demosthenes.

Fox entered Hertford College, now Magdalene Hall, Oxford, in 1764, where Dr. Newcome, afterwards Archbishop of Armagh, was his tutor; and left the University in 1766. While here, his passion for gambling increased, but his love for classical studies grew also. Much of his time at Oxford was given to English literature, especially to the old dramatists. He was indeed, as his father says, "stage mad," and this feeling continued for seven or eight years after leaving Oxford. This tendency, however, led to that extensive acquaintance with the old English poets, for which he was so pre-eminently noted.

After taking his leave of the University, Fox made a tour through France and Italy, by which he increased his desire for a more accurate knowledge of the literature of those countries. It was during this journey that his infatuation for high play shewed itself in an alarming degree. The reports of his losses frightened his father, who summoned him back to England, but not before enormous sums had been lost, in Naples alone £16,000 being flung away at the gaming-table.

While Fox was thus imperilling his prospects, the road to political power and fame was opened for him in England. By the influence of his father, now Lord Holland, he had been elected to Parliament for Midhurst in May, 1768. At that very time, all the means of political supremacy were in his hands. But the elements of an antagonist power were slowly preparing, though young Fox knew it not. One friend had, however, discerned the coming evil: the mother of Fox thus wrote to her husband, Lord Holland:—"I have been this morning with Lady Hester Pitt, and there is little William Pitt, not eight years old, and really the cleverest child I ever saw; and brought up so strictly, and so proper in his behaviour, that, mark my words, that little boy will be a thorn in Charles' side as long as he lives." The history of subsequent years forms an illustrative comment on these words.

Fox was now in earnest in preparing for the work of public life. He had made the first great advance to knowledge,—he was conscious of his ignorance. He says, in a letter to a friend, "I am totally ignorant in every part of useful knowledge." So determined, however, was he to excel in even the smallest matters, that he studied from books the art of carving joints at table. Even after he had entered upon official life, he took lessons in writing from a master, some person having criticised his bad writing. Yet the man thus earnest in the pursuit of excellence, would at this very time spend whole nights at Almack's in gaming. So frequently were loans required, that Jew money-lenders were accustomed to wait in an adjoining room, which Fox called "his

Jerusalem Chamber." At one time he is reported to have sat twelve hours at the gaming-table, and to have then lost £11,000. The reader will not be surprised to hear that Lord Holland ultimately paid, for these gambling debts, a sum of £140,000. They cost his son more—loss of character, and loss of power "If Fox," said one of his friends, "once reflects, and abandons his vices, he will excel Burke." It is impossible now to calculate the momentous European interests which hung upon that "if." The whole continental system for the last fifty years would probably have been different, had Fox been at the head of the English Government instead of Pitt.

Fox made his first speech in the House of Commons in 1769, in favour of the Court and the Ministry. The next year he became a Junior Lord of the Admiralty, but resigned in 1772, in consequence of his resolution to oppose the Royal Marriage Act. In 1773 he entered the Ministry as one of the Lords of the Treasury, but was again out of office in 1774. This second retirement from official employment led to his union with the Whig party, and consequently to that long course of opposition which occupied nearly the whole life of Fox. Some misunderstanding had arisen between him and Lord North. This was deepened into resentment by the rudeness of the note in which the Minister intimated to Fox that he was no longer one of the Treasury-Lords. This communication was certainly not complimentary: it ran thus,—"Sir, His Majesty has thought proper to order a new Commission of the Treasury to be made out, in which I do not perceive your name. North." This

note completed the estrangement which had for some time been increasing between the Court party and Fox, and the death of his father Lord Holland in the same year, when Fox was but twenty-five years of age, broke the last link which held Fox to the political system in which he had been trained.

The American war soon gave him frequent opportunities for attacking his former chief, Lord North, and the intense hostility of his invective exceeded even the passionate declamation of Burke. North relied upon the majority of the House of Commons, and the unflinching support of the king, but these were hardly sufficient to protect him against the assaults of his fiery opponent.

"The Ministers," said Fox, "sacrificed honour and duty; they sacrificed the interests and, perhaps, the existence of their country, to the temporary gratification of their avarice and their ambition, in the enjoyment of the places and honours which they now held, and which were so connected and interwoven with the American war as to depend upon its existence. The minister, then, knowing this fact, knowing that he lived, and must die, with the American war, had encountered shame and embraced it, in order to its continuance. He had been forced into all those vile measures of contradiction and absurdity, which had brought infamy on the present age, and would bring ruin on posterity. There was no accounting for the credulity, the servility, and the meanness of Parliament, in either believing or submitting to receive all the monstrous and incredible stories which they had been told by the minister."

On another occasion Fox exclaimed, "That was the day when the representatives of the people must recall to the ears of his Majesty's Ministers the disgraceful and ruinous measures that had brought us to this state. They must hear of them not only here, but he trusted that, by the aroused indignation and vengeance of an injured and undone people, they must hear of them at the tribunal of justice, and expiate them on the public scaffold. He saw a learned gentleman smile at the word scaffold. [Mr. Dundas, the lord-advocate of Scotland.] What! did not the learned gentleman think that it was yet time for punishment? Had they not in his imagination done enough, or had they more calamities to inflict, more negligence to exemplify, or, rather, more treachery to complete?"

North's easy temper enabled him to bear the storm of invective and the threats of an impeachment; but the King was irritated beyond measure at the bold manner in which Fox attacked the most favourite schemes of the monarch, and especially his projects for conquering America. Fox thus characterized the Royal Speech, which recommended a prosecution of the war in November, 1782:—

"They had heard a speech, breathing vengeance, blood, misery, and rancour. It spoke exactly this language,—'Much has been lost; much blood, much treasure, has been squandered; the burthens of my people are almost intolerable; but my passions are yet ungratified, my object of subjugation and of revenge is yet

unfulfilled, and therefore I am determined to persevere.'"

North was at times willing to strengthen his ministry by a union with Fox, or at least to retire and leave the government to him. But the king entreated the minister not to abandon him to men whom he called "desperate." At one time he wrote, "Rather than be shackled by these desperate men, if the nation will not stand by me, I will rather see any form of government introduced into this Island, and lose my crown rather than wear it in disgrace."

Fox, it must be admitted, did much by his bitter language to make the King his personal enemy; nor was he sufficiently careful to secure the respect of the nation. In February 1779, some parts of the Metropolis were illuminated, when Admiral Keppel was acquitted of the charge of misconduct in not pursuing the French fleet. On this occasion, Fox and some of his companions sallied out, at three in the morning, from Almack's, and, putting themselves at the head of a mob, broke the windows of Lord Sandwich at the Admiralty. Such freaks by a man of thirty, who was aiming at the first place in the government, were not likely to procure him respect from political opponents.

In 1781 his future rival Pitt delivered his first speech in Parliament "That little boy," of whom Lady Holland had spoken so forebodingly years before, was now on the eve of seizing the reins of power. After Pitt had finished his speech, Fox was in the act of congratulating him on his success, when General Grant

came up, and, with more force than tact, cried out, "Old as I am, I expect and hope to hear you both battling it within these walls, as I have done your fathers before you." Fox was confounded at this ill-timed outbreak, but Pitt's presence of mind came to the rescue: "Surely," said he, turning to the General, "you must expect to live to the age of Methuselah."

In 1782 Lord North found that the favour of the king was not sufficient to support him against the feeling of the country, guided as it was by the genius of Fox and Burke. The premier therefore gladly retired from office, with a pension of £4000 a year, and Fox became one of the Secretaries of State in the Rockingham administration. He now appears to have shewn extraordinary capacities for public business. One proof of his intense devotedness to the work of his office may be gathered from a remark by one of his contemporaries, that "he never touched a card while in office." Such a self-restraint was, in the case of Fox, remarkable. The ministry was soon broken up by the death of its chief; and then began an extraordinary contest. Shelburne was made Premier, and Pitt, Chancellor of the Exchequer. Fox and North then united their forces to oust Shelburne. In this they succeeded, to the mortification of the king and the surprise of the nation, which saw with suspicion the two rivals united, to advance their own interests. The fierce speeches of Fox and Burke against North were printed and sold, under the title of "*Beauties of Fox, North, and Burke.*" Wilberforce remarked, that "the coalition partook of the vices of both its parents (Fox and North,) the corruption of

the one, and the violence of the other." The King made the most determined efforts to keep out Fox, "whom," wrote Mr. Grenville, "he loaded with every expression of abhorrence," and declared, "that sooner than take Fox, he would go to Hanover." For five weeks the country was without a Government. The King still refused to have Fox, admitting "that he was a man of parts, quickness, and of great eloquence;" but insisting that "he wanted application, and consequently the fundamental knowledge necessary for business; and, above all, was totally destitute of discretion." But his Majesty was at last compelled to yield; the coalition had overpowered the King: but this extraordinary battle was not yet over. When Fox brought in his Bill for the better government of India, the King took the unusual step of intimating to the peers, through Lord Temple, that "whoever voted for the India Bill was not only not his friend, but would be considered by him as his enemy." Fox brought this interference of the King to the notice of the House, and said—

"This rumour has been treated with a levity which amounts to a sarcasm or lampoon on the dignity of the House. But I will tell gentlemen it is not a newspaper surmise, but something much stronger and more serious: there is a written record to be produced. This letter (pulling it out of his pocket) is not to be put in the balance with the lie of the day. It states, that 'his 'Majesty allowed Earl Temple to say, that whoever voted 'for the India Bill were not only not his friends, but he 'should consider them as his enemies. And if these

'words were not strong enough, Earl Temple might use 'whatever words he might deem stronger, or more to the 'purpose.' Is this parliamentary, or is it truth? Where is the man who dares to affirm the one or deny the other? or to say, that he believes in his conscience such a rumour was not calculated to produce an immediate effect? It certainly tended, in the first instance, to vilify, in the grossest and most violent manner, the proceedings of Parliament. It says to the public, that we are not equal to our trust; that we either ignorantly or wilfully betray the interest of our constituents; and that we are not to be guided in our decisions by their convictions or our own, but by that unseen and mysterious authority, of which the sovereign, his counsellors, and the legislature, are only the blind and passive instruments. Both Houses of Parliament are, consequently, parties in the contest, and reduced, by this unfortunate and wicked device, to the predicament of a man struggling for his life. We are robbed of our rights, with a menace of immediate destruction before our face. From this moment, farewell to every independent measure! Whenever the liberties of the people, the rights of private property, or the still more sacred and invaluable privileges of personal safety, invaded, violated, or in danger, are vindicated by this House, where alone they can be legally and effectually redressed, the hopes of the public, anxious, eager, and panting for the rescue, are whispered away, and for ever suppressed by the breath of secret influence."

In a subsequent part of the same speech, he exclaimed,

"How, Sir, are Ministers situated on this ground? Do they not come into power with a halter about their necks, by which the most contemptible wretch in the kingdom may dispatch them at leisure? Yes, they hold their several offices, not at the option of the Sovereign, but of the very reptiles who burrow under the throne. They act the part of puppets, and are answerable for all the folly, the ignorance, and the temerity, or timidity, of some unknown juggler behind the screen."

The unprecedented conduct of the King caused the rejection of the India Bill in the Lords. This happened on December the 17th, and at midnight on the 18th the King sent to his Ministers for their resignations. Fox had foreseen the probability of his defeat, but asserted, that "if he should fall, he should fall in a great and glorious cause; struggling for the people of Great Britain and India, for many, many millions of souls." Pitt was now selected to form a ministry, but Fox and North had a majority of the House of Commons at their call, and resolved to continue the contest. Pitt was out-voted night after night, by enormous majorities. Fox collected all his energies to crush his rival; but Pitt stood firm, though but the minister of a minority. Fox felt confident of an ultimate triumph. In a letter to a friend, he said, "We are so strong, that nobody can undertake without madness." But the coalition had weakened his influence with the country, and his majorities began slowly to diminish. Nevertheless, this singular struggle lasted from the 29th of December, 1783, to the 25th of March in the next year.

During all this time the government of the country was at a dead-lock, Pitt being constantly out-voted by his opponents. The King at last ventured to dissolve the Parliament, and the elections immediately shewed the loss of popularity suffered by Fox. About 160 of his adherents lost their seats, and were derisively called "Fox' Martyrs." He himself had to contend for Westminster during a poll which lasted from the 1st of April to the 18th of May.*

In 1787 a circumstance occurred, which has sometimes been represented as dishonourable to Fox. A rumour had become prevalent, that the Prince of Wales was married to Mrs. Fitzherbert, a Roman Catholic lady. The report was mentioned in the House: Fox declared the statement to be untrue, and added, "I have direct authority for what I say." Yet the Prince had then been married for some time to this lady. Fox, however, appears to have spoken what he believed to be the truth. On the 10th of December, 1785, he had written an earnest letter to the Prince, informing him of the rumour, and pointing out the consequences of such a marriage. The Prince replied on the following day, assuring Fox there was no ground for "these reports, which have of late been so malevolently circulated." This was written on the 11th of December: ten days after, on the 21st, the Prince was privately married to

* A great meeting of the Whigs was held at the house of Mrs. Crewe, to celebrate the return of Fox for Westminster. All present wore the buff and blue colours of the party; and it was after supper that the Prince of Wales gave the well-known toast—

"Buff and blue,
And Mrs. Crewe."

Mrs. Fitzherbert, by a clergyman of the Church of England, and the certificate was attested by two witnesses. When Fox made his statement to the House, he must have relied upon this denial in the Prince's letter.

In the year 1788, the mental affliction of the King involved Fox in a serious discussion. He was enjoying a tour on the continent, when the first symptoms of the King's illness became known, and messengers were sent in all directions to hasten his return. A Regent was required, and Pitt contended that the appointment rested with the Parliament. Fox on the other hand asserted that the Prince of Wales was of right entitled to the office. This startled some of the Whigs; and when Pitt heard Fox make the statement, he slapped his thigh, exclaiming, "I'll un-whig the gentleman for the rest of his life." The unexpected recovery of the King, who returned thanks at St. Paul's on the 23rd of April, 1789, terminated the discussion on the Regency question, not without having brought some discredit upon Fox.

The next important events in the life of Fox were the support he gave to the French Revolution, his opposition to the war, and the irreconcilable quarrel between him and Burke. Few observations need be made on these subjects in this place, as the facts already given in the Life of Burke will explain the opinions held by Fox. It must however be admitted, that his advocacy of French principles was occasionally so little tempered by respect for the opinions of the nation, that he lost for a time much of his popularity and influence among the

middle classes. In 1791, he declared in the House, "That the new Constitution of France was the most stupendous and glorious edifice of liberty which had been erected on the foundation of human integrity in any age or country." No marvel that Burke was indignant! Fox also warmly supported Mr. Wilberforce in his efforts to abolish the slave-trade. Even so early as 1788, Wilberforce notes, "Mr Fox had almost made up his mind to immediate abolition;" and Fox soon after declared, "I do think it is a cause in which one ought to be an enthusiast."

About 1797, Fox appears to have become wearied by the uselessness of his attempts to stop the war; and, giving up his attendance in the House, he betook himself to his quiet home on St. Anne's Hill. He had two years previously married a lady, Mrs. Armistead, whom he had long known, and whose taste and education qualified her to take an interest in his studies. Those who have read Fox' Letters to his nephew, Lord Holland, given in *Lord John Russell's Memorials of Fox*, are aware of the delight with which he now entered upon a course of literary reading. Two or three books of Homer were sometimes gone through in a morning. In one letter he says, "I recollect that when I wrote last, I was in the ninth book of the Odyssey, which I have since finished, and read eighteen books of the Iliad." With Lord Holland he entered into minute discussions on the metres of Homer, and on the distinguishing qualities of the Greek dramatists, and especially the study of Euripides. "Of all poets," wrote Fox, "Euripides appears to me, without exception, the most useful for a public speaker."

It was during this retirement at St. Anne's Hill, that Fox began his *History of James* II. which has added little to his fame, either as a historian or as a writer.

In 1801 events occurred, which drew Fox from St. Anne's. Mr. Pitt had resigned, being unable to persuade the King to concur in measures of relief to the Roman Catholics. Mr. Addington, afterwards Lord Sidmouth, succeeded, who was willing to receive proposals of peace from France. The preliminaries were therefore signed at London, on the 1st of October, 1801, and in the summer of 1802 Fox visited Paris, and was introduced to Napoleon, then First Consul. Fox was received by him with marked honour, and a free conversation followed, in which Napoleon hinted that the English Ministers had been privy to an attempt on his life. "Drive that nonsense out of your head," was the blunt reply of Fox. Upon his return to England, he found on all sides expectations of renewed hostilities. In May 1803 negotiations ceased, and on the 18th of that month war was declared, and the short peace of Amiens was followed by hostilities on a far more extended and destructive scale than before. The renewal of the war restored Pitt to office, and the new Minister would gladly have strengthened himself by a union with Fox; but the dislike of the King to the latter prevented this junction of the two greatest orators of the House of Commons. Lord Grenville, Lord Spencer, and other eminent men refused to take office in a Ministry from which Fox was excluded. Pitt was therefore compelled to undertake almost alone the enormous responsibilities of the government, having the support of few able men.

The labours of his position, and the failure of his plans for successfully uniting the continental powers against France, proved fatal to Pitt. He died on the 23rd of January, 1806, leaving at last the road to office open to his rival.

A new Ministry was now formed under Lord Grenville, in which Fox was Secretary for Foreign Affairs, the King being at length compelled to acquiesce in this arrangement. Power had now fallen to Fox, but it was too late: his health was broken; and his parliamentary and official duties soon increased all the serious symptoms. With such a state of health, the seals of office were a death warrant. He was nevertheless active in two important matters—the abolition of the slave-trade, and the promotion of peace. Almost one of the last acts of his parliamentary life was the carrying a resolution, which pledged the House of Commons to the abolition of this commerce in human flesh. Some years before, in 1791, he had combated the argument, that slavery was not condemned by the New Testament. He then said—

"Great stress has been laid on the countenance that was given to slavery by the Christian religion. So far was this from being true, that I think one of the most splendid triumphs of Christianity was, its having caused slavery to be so generally abolished, soon after it appeared in the world. One obvious ground on which it did this was, by teaching us that, in the sight of Heaven, all mankind are equal. The same effect might be expected also from the general principles which

it taught. Its powerful influence appeared to have done more in this respect than all the ancient systems of philosophy, though even in them, in point of theory, we might trace great liberality and consideration for human rights. Where could be found finer sentiments of liberty, than in the works of Demosthenes and Cicero? Where should we meet with bolder assertions of the rights of mankind, and the dignity of human nature, than in the historians Tacitus and Thucydides? It was remarkable, however, that these great men kept slaves in their houses, and permitted a whole order of slaves to exist in their country. I know, indeed, that what I have been ascribing to Christianity, some have imputed to the advances which philosophy had made. Each of the two parties took the merit to itself; the divine gave it to religion, the philosopher to philosophy. I will not dispute with either of them; but as both coveted the praise, why should they not emulate each other in promoting this improvement in the condition of the human race?"

In June 1806, the friends of Fox saw that his bodily energies were fast failing. On the 26th of that month, the Marquis of Buckingham, writing to Lord Temple, says, "Perhaps you do not know that Fox is very seriously ill." On the following day, Mr. Thomas Grenville writes, "The pain is attributed to the pressure of the water upon the muscles and nerves. They are giving him squills, but I was shocked to be told in confidence, that, if this does not produce relief, they must come to scarification."

The dropsy continued to baffle all the skill of the physicians. "His state is considered absolutely desperate," wrote Mr. Grenville on the 10th of September. Three days after, Fox died, at a quarter to six in the evening, at the Duke of Devonshire's House, Chiswick.

The interment took place in Westminster Abbey, on the 10th of October, when Fox was laid in a grave close to that of Pitt. The lines of Scott will recur to the memories of many,—

> "And ne'er held marble, in its trust,
> "Of two such wondrous men the dust."

This Memoir, we think, must have conveyed a general notion of the character and genius of Fox to every reader. A few condensed remarks may, however, form an appropriate conclusion to the foregoing narrative.

The oratory of Fox must have been of a very original cast. Powerful and close reasoning, going direct to its mark, was united to a fiery declamation, which struck every argument home. Mackintosh says, "He darted fire into his audience;" and another contemporary sums up his oratorical excellencies by ascribing to him "a simple and native grandeur." Lord Brougham regards the debating powers of Fox as specially calling for admiration. He was, "if not the greatest orator, certainly the most accomplished debater, that ever appeared upon the theatre of public affairs" Mackintosh likened him to Demosthenes, but most readers will probably agree with Lord Brougham, that Fox was a "much more argumentative speaker," than the Grecian orator,

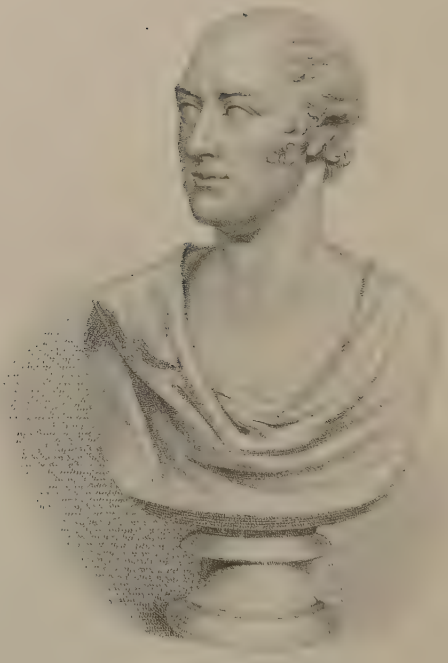
Fox has little of ornament, little of that richness of illustration in which Burke abounds; but there is an earnestness, a going straight to the mark, which indicates a power of the highest order. His delivery at the beginning of a speech is said to have been often hesitating and awkward, but this vanished as he got heart and soul into his subject. He was sometimes heavy from another cause,—want of preparation. No great speaker ever trusted so much to the impulse of the moment. It often happened that the best passages were struck off while the speaker was on his legs; but the hearer might sometimes have to wait long, wondering what had become of the genius of the orator.

Gibbon, speaking of the great powers of Fox, says, "They are blended in his attractive character with all the softness and simplicity of a child." The Princess Charlotte, in a letter written six years after the death of Fox, says, "He has been one of those few, those very few, who have really had the good of their country at heart." The following description of the personal appearance of Fox, in the last year of his life, is given in *The Memoirs of the Rockingham Administration*:—"The dark black hair of the eyebrows, cheeks, and head, which in the early caricatures obtained for him the appellation of *Niger*, had given place to a silver white. His dress was a light grey single-breasted coat, with large white metal buttons, a thick woollen waistcoat, drab kerseymere breeches, dark worsted stockings, and shoes coming up to the ancles." To this it must be added,—Fox had not the commanding air of Pitt or Burke: he was short and corpulent, and his frequent

slovenliness gave him at times a most unprepossessing appearance. Many readers must have gained some idea of the countenance of Fox from the numerous busts of him which exist, no fewer than thirty having been made by Nollekens alone. An engraving from one of these, which will convey a fair notion of Fox' features in the latter part of his life, is prefixed to this Memoir.

CANNING.

[BORN 1770—DIED 1827.]



Drawn & Lithographed by F. J. Williams.

CANNING.

CANNING may not rank with the greatest statesmen of England; he was perhaps inferior to Chatham in force of character, and to Fox in eloquence. But as a man, an orator, and a politician, he will ever hold a very high place among eminent Etonians. The present Memoir will conduct us gradually from the great men of the last to those of the present century. The period embraced by the fifty-seven years of the life of Canning was one of momentous character. Within it the French Revolution began and ended,—the empire of Napoleon rose and fell. At its commencement the feudal principle was still influential in Europe; before its close a mortal blow had been struck at the heart of that ancient system. At the beginning of Canning's life, the whole of America was in close union with Europe; before his death not only had the United States taken a position among the regular governments of the world, but the extensive territories of Spanish America had become independent. A few years before the birth of the future statesman, the foundation was laid of the British power in India; and it was during his time that the government of its many millions was simplified, and secured

against abuse. It was also during this eventful period that some of the most important changes in the British Constitution were slowly, but surely matured. In less than a year after Canning's death, Dissenters were declared admissible to all offices, by the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts; and in the following year Roman Catholics were admitted to Parliament.

Mr. Bell, in his *Life of Canning*, derives the family name from *Bishop's Cannings* in Wiltshire, where the ancestors of this statesman were seated before the time of Edward II. Probably, however, the possessors gave their name to this ancient village, instead of receiving a designation from it. In the early part of the fourteenth century a branch of this family is said to have settled in Bristol, where the "Canyngs" became famous among the merchants. One of its members represented the city in several parliaments, and another, the famous William Canynges, is said to have had in his service eight hundred sailors. To this rich merchant the magnificent church of St. Mary Redcliffe, in Bristol, owes much of its architectural beauty. A strong box, called "Mr. Canynge's cofre," was kept in the muniment room over the north porch of this church; and by the aid of its ancient documents Chatterton composed his celebrated Rowley poems; having when a child often sat by the richly carved tomb of this "Master Canynge."

George Canning was the son of Irish parents—George Canning, and Mary Ann Costello. He was born on the 11th of April, 1770, and baptized at Paddington Church, on the 9th of the next month. A heavy

calamity soon fell upon the young mother. Her husband died on the 11th of April, 1771, on the first anniversary of his son's birthday. Mr. Canning was buried in Marylebone church-yard, and his widow, finding herself deprived of a small annuity which her husband had hitherto received from his family, was now compelled to look around for the means of support. Her friends recommended her to try the stage. Some of her relations made her situation known to Queen Charlotte, and an introduction to Garrick was at length procured. The accomplished manager of Drury-Lane was not very severe in criticising the powers of a lady, in whose welfare royalty seemed to take an interest. Mrs. Canning was inexperienced, but she might possess undeveloped powers, and her beauty was likely to interest an audience. Her proposals were therefore received, and she appeared on the 6th of November, 1773, in the character of Jane Shore. The genius of Mrs. Canning was not however of a commanding character, and she was soon engaged in inferior parts only. She accepted offers from various managers of country theatres, and seems, by her beauty and sprightliness, to have become a favourite with provincial audiences. She was subsequently married to an actor named Reddish, who proved to be irregular and intemperate in his habits, and died a lunatic in York Asylum, in 1785.

But the reader may naturally ask,—To what influences was George Canning exposed during all this time? Were second and third-rate actors the formers of his youthful character, and provincial theatres the schools of his genius? This seemed at one time likely enough to

become the fate of George Canning. But from this he was early rescued, and that too by means of an almost unknown actor. The abilities and fine tendencies of the boy were noticed by a performer named Moody, who felt that the influence of such a man as the father-in-law Reddish would probably be ruinous to the character of young Canning. Moody therefore resolved, no doubt with the consent of the mother, to lay the whole case before the boy's uncle, Mr. Stratford Canning. The result of this well-timed interference was a decisive change in the prospects of George Canning. His uncle took charge of his education, for which a permanent provision of £200 a year was appropriated from an estate in Ireland. We know little of the obscure actor Moody, except that by him the road was opened, along which Canning advanced to power and fame.

He was first placed at Hyde-Abbey School, Winchester; but Mr. Fox urged the expediency of sending him to Eton. This advice was followed, and George Canning was entered at Eton as an Oppidan in his thirteenth year, being placed in the *Remove*. He soon became noted in School for that combination of elegance and expressive force in his compositions, for which his best parliamentary speeches were afterwards so remarkable. His Latin verses seem to have won the especial admiration of his school-fellows; but some of the prose essays and sketches which he wrote while at Eton, prove that even then he had made no little progress in the art of pointing a sentence with pleasant irony. He had early exercised himself in the composition of English verse, to which he was naturally led, when but a child, by his acquaintance with actors and dramatists.

Canning resolved that his compositions should see the light; and he found some of his fellow-Etonians equally anxious for the delights of publication. They brought out a paper, bearing the apparently humble, but really ambitious title of "*The Microcosm.*" Canning, Frere, Robert Smith,* and several others, were the contributors to this periodical, which was published weekly at Windsor. The first number appeared on the 6th of November, 1786, and it was continued till July, 1787, forty numbers having been published. The contributions of Canning to "*The Microcosm*" are said to have been signed with the letter "B;" it is however impossible now to trace all his essays and sketches, as some of the articles in this work seem, like the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher, to have been joint productions: the individual writers are therefore wholly merged in the literary co-partnership. In his last piece written for "*The Microcosm,*" Canning gave expression to his affection for Eton, declaring, "that he felt for her a pious fondness and veneration, which," he says, "will bind me for ever to her interests." This periodical continued to attract attention long after its publication as a serial had been discontinued, and for years after its originators had left Eton. The copyright came into the possession of Mr. Charles Knight, and the work passed through five editions up to the year 1825.

Canning never allowed, when at Eton, his love for general literature to draw him aside from the proper studies of the place. His earnestness and industry were

* Eldest brother of Sydney Smith.

as remarkable as his wit and eloquence. When therefore he left Eton for Christ-church, Oxford, in 1788, he carried to the University a high reputation for scholarship, and especially for skill in Latin versification. His splendid Latin prize poem on the pilgrimage to Mecca, "*Iter ad Meccam*," gained him the highest honour in a University where such exercises were deemed the surest tests of scholarship. Canning gained at Oxford some valuable friends, among whom were Lord Holland, Lord Carlisle, Lord Henry Spenser, and Mr. Jenkinson, afterwards Earl of Liverpool. The last-mentioned was of the same age as Canning, and each became Premier, Canning succeeding Lord Liverpool on the illness of the latter.

It was during the Oxford vacations that Canning, by means of his uncle, Mr. Stratford Canning, became more intimately acquainted with the principal Whigs, especially with Fox, Sheridan, and Burke. From his intimacy with these active political leaders, it was expected that he would join the party of which they were the chiefs. This junction was prevented; partly by the alarm with which Canning viewed the progress of the French Revolution, and the violent conduct of some English demagogues; and partly by his conviction that the policy of Pitt was adapted to meet the great crisis at which Europe had then arrived.

When Canning left Oxford, he intended to prepare himself for the Bar, and was entered as a student at Lincoln's Inn. He seems, however, to have given his attention as much to Politics as to Law, and frequently spoke at a Debating Society, on the absorbing

topics which were at that time stirring every heart. The force of his oratory attracted attention, and as he spoke in favour of liberty and progress, the excited audience regarded him as their future leader, in the great changes which their glowing fancies anticipated. His popular declamations were, however, brought to an abrupt conclusion, by the unpleasant discovery that some of his applauding hearers were organizing a scheme of insurrection and rebellion. Canning saw that he had gone too far, and immediately cooled in his former estimate of the prudence and moderation of the populace.

While he was thus recoiling from the friends of the French Revolution, a circumstance occurred which fixed him for life in the ranks of the Liberal Conservatives.* Mr. Pitt had heard of the abilities of Canning, and was especially anxious to secure more oratorical support in the House of Commons, to oppose the formidable talents of the Whig Opposition. He therefore procured an interview with Canning, and finding him disposed to support the measures of the Government, offered to secure his entrance into Parliament. These proposals were accepted: the sitting Member for Newport, in the Isle of Wight, was induced to retire; and in 1793, Canning was returned for that Borough. He now stood in the arena of public life, and was naturally eager to enter upon its engagements; but prudence kept him silent, until familiarity with the mode of conducting parliamentary business enabled him to address the House

* The reader need hardly be informed, that the word "Conservative" was not used at that time as the designation of a political party.

with effect. His first speech was delivered in January, 1794, in which he boldly defended the war, and advocated the grant of £200,000 a year to the King of Sardinia, to enable him to keep up an army of 50,000 men. The following extract from his speech will shew the earnest spirit in which he advocated the continuance of the contest:—

"We have been told that this is a war into which we have been hurried by clamour and prejudice; in short, that it is a war of passion. If by a war of passion, gentlemen mean, that it is a war contrary to justice, humanity, and sound policy; that it is a war which owes its origin and support to the indulgence of some blamable propensity in our nature; gentlemen, in establishing this, have undertaken a harder task than they seem to be aware of. They must arraign nature, and confute instinct; for they must prove that self-preservation is a passion which it is criminal to indulge. But, if by a war of passion, gentlemen understand no more than that, in addition to all the legitimate causes of war, in addition to the necessity of repelling unprovoked aggression, of succouring our distressed allies, of saving Europe, of preserving ourselves,—that, in addition to all this, there are circumstances in this war which engage and interest the best feelings and sensibilities of our nature; in this sense we might be proud to own that it is fairly to be called a war of passion. And if, from that dignified character, it were to be degraded into a war of ambition and interest, it would cease to have in me a warm and zealous defender."

Speaking of the political madness of the French, he said,—"If theirs had been a harmless idiot-lunacy, which had contented itself with playing its tricks, and practising its fooleries at home; with dressing strumpets in oak leaves, and inventing nick-names for the calendar; I should have been far from desiring to interrupt their innocent amusements: we might have looked on with hearty contempt indeed, with a contempt not wholly unmixed with commiseration."

In another speech, delivered some time after, he advocated the alliance with Turkey, which the Whigs had ridiculed. The following extract is an instance of the ease, pleasantry, and force, with which he met the sarcasms of his opponents:—

"They seem to think that, because the Grand Seignior wears a long beard and a long gown, and is altogether a figure such as we are not accustomed every day to contemplate,—to expect rigour and decision, or good sense, or sound policy from him, is an expectation in the highest degree wild and fantastical. I cannot, for my life, bring myself to understand where all this ridicule lies. . . . And if the dress and decorations of the Turk be all that strikes the honourable gentleman as ridiculous, I know not why I should forbear to take the benefit that might result to my arguments, from calling your attention to the antic mummeries and tri-coloured trumpery of the enlightened executive directory of France. . . But your Turk is a Mahommedan it seems, and therefore an ally not fit for a Christian. I do not

know, Sir, but an alliance with a Mahommedan may be as good as a peace with an atheist."*

It will be easily imagined, that Canning proved a powerful auxiliary to Pitt, by the constant readiness and eloquence with which he met the assaults of the opposition. His principal argument for the war was contained in the assertion, that France had become the centre of a conspiracy against the constitution of all surrounding nations. He also vehemently defended the home policy of Pitt, especially his abandonment of Parliamentary Reform, to which Canning was throughout his life a determined opponent. Services like these could not be long unrewarded. In 1795 he was made under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs; and thus became officially connected with that department of political business, in which his reputation as a statesman was acquired.

Canning was not satisfied with attacking his opponents in speeches, but used the press as a means for ridiculing, not only the advocates of the French Revolution, but all who wished for fundamental changes in the British Constitution. He therefore united with his friends, Mr. Frere, Mr. Jenkinson (Lord Liverpool,) Lord Clare, Lord Mornington, and others, in establishing in November, 1797, the witty, but bitter, and often unfair weekly periodical, entitled "*The Anti-Jacobin, or Weekly Examiner.*" The very title was sufficient to

* It must strike the reader as not unworthy of remark, that England was then allied with Sardinia and Turkey *against* France; but now, in 1856, the same nations have joined us *with* France.

make it popular with that numerous class which then looked upon France as an insane nation. Those who bear in mind that Mr. Gifford, afterwards the able editor of the *Quarterly Review*, was the editor of the Anti-Jacobin, will feel assured that the paper was not likely to be wanting in biting satire, and in the most fearless hostility to French principles. Some of the most witty articles were written by Canning. One of these, "*The Needy Knife-Grinder*," was a satire on the singular versification of Southey; but was doubtless intended to hit the false sentimentality of those, who ascribed all the sufferings of the poor to the heartlessness of the rich, and the tyranny of the powerful. The "*Anti-Jacobin*" was discontinued in 1798.

In 1798, Canning thus alluded to the notion that England ought to legislate for the good of the world at large, and not for her own especial benefit. The quiet irony of the language will be evident to every reader:—

"There is one way of considering what is advantageous to this country, to which, I confess, I am very partial, and the rather perhaps, because it does not fall in with the new and fashionable philosophy of the day. I know it is a doctrine of that large and liberal system of ethics, which has of late been introduced into the world, and which has superseded all the narrow prejudices of the ancient school, that we are to consider, not so much what is good for our own country, as what is good for the human race; that we are all children of one large family, and I know not what other fancies and philanthropics; which I must take shame to myself

for not being able to comprehend. I, for my part, still conceive it to be the paramount duty of a British Member of Parliament to consider what is good for Great Britain."

The rapid rise of Canning to political influence might have sufficed to produce envy in some minds; but there is no doubt that his tendency to sarcasm irritated many. Some Members of the House seem to have shewn their resentment by going out when he rose to speak. Wilberforce, who has recorded this in his diary, ascribing it to envy, says of Canning, that he was "too flippant and ambitious." Canning warmly supported Wilberforce in his efforts to abolish the slave trade. One gentleman had innocently argued that the trade ought to be kept up out of kindness to the negro, whom it removed from the paganism of Africa to the blessings of Christianity in the West Indies. Upon such an extraordinary argument for the continuance of the slave trade, Mr. Canning remarked as follows:—

"Really, if a stranger had come into the House during that part of the debate, he must have conceived that the West Indians were petitioning to be relieved from the burden of importing annually vast numbers of dangerous, rebellious, unprincipled barbarians; and that the honourable gentleman, as agent for Africa, was stating to the House, in terms of the utmost pathos, the cruelty of depriving that country of so advantageous an export for its superfluous population. The British Parliament must not be so hard-hearted. It must continue the

traffic in human beings, the commerce in flesh and blood, out of mere humanity."

After the suppression of the Irish rebellion in 1798, Mr. Pitt resolved to accomplish the long-meditated union of the English and Irish Parliaments; in which work he was powerfully supported by the eloquence of Canning. The measure was carried in spite of the vehement opposition of the masses of the Irish people, who fancied that the national independence would be at an end when their Parliament left Dublin. This triumph of Pitt led, however, to the downfall of his Ministry. In order to secure the support of the leading Roman Catholics, he allowed them to entertain hopes that the Union would be followed by the removal of many grievances. The Minister was ready to advise the repeal of several obnoxious laws; but the opposition of the King made it impossible to proceed further in the attempt at amelioration. Pitt and his friends therefore resigned in March, 1801, and Mr. Canning, to the great joy of his enemies, was out of office. Before this event occurred, he had married, in July 1800, Miss Scott, a daughter of General Scott; and as the bride received from her father £100,000, the marriage rendered Canning independent of the emoluments of office.

From 1801 to 1804, Canning shewed how formidable he could be in opposition, by his incessant attacks upon the new premier, Mr. Addington, afterwards Viscount Sidmouth. Pitt was quite ready to bide his time, until he should be restored to power; but Canning was indignant, that Addington should presume to occupy the

seat of Pitt. Canning's admiration of Pitt was forcibly expressed in the celebrated lines, which he had already composed for the Pitt Club,—

> "If hushed the loud whirlwind that ruffled the deep;
> "The sky, if no longer dark tempests deform;
> "When our perils are past, shall our gratitude sleep?
> "No! Here's to the pilot that weather'd the storm."

This feeling rose still higher, when the short peace of Amiens came to an end in March, 1803. Then Canning unhesitatingly proclaimed, that the Ministry was utterly incapable of managing the war.

"Away," he cried, "with the cant of measures, not men; the idle supposition, that it is the harness and not the horses that draws the chariot along. No, sir; if the comparison must be made, if the distinction must be taken, men are everything, measures comparatively nothing. I speak, sir, of times of difficulty and danger,—of times when systems are shaken, when precedents and general rules of conduct fail. And what is the nature of the times in which we live? Look at France, and see what we have to cope with, and consider what has made her what she is? A man! You will tell me that she was great, and powerful, and formidable before the date of Bonaparte's government; that he found in her great moral and physical resources; that he had but to turn them to account. True: and he did so. Compare the situation in which he found France to that which he has raised her to. I am no panegyrist of Bonaparte; but I cannot shut my eyes to the superiority

of his talents, to the amazing ascendant of his genius. Tell me not of his measures, and his policy. It is his genius, his character, that keeps the world in awe."

The Addington Ministry at length fell in May, 1804, and Pitt returned to power. Canning now became Treasurer of the Navy, and devoted all his eloquence to the support of Pitt's foreign policy. But the course of that great Minister was drawing to a close. He saw, notwithstanding all his efforts, the continental powers jealous, vacillating, and timid; he beheld them beaten down by Napoleon; and, though the great news of Trafalgar told him that England was mistress of the sea, he gradually sank, enfeebled by anxiety and disease. Pitt died on the 23rd of January, 1806, and his death broke up the administration, throwing Canning again into opposition. He was now pitted against "All the Talents" ministry, which under Lord Grenville and Mr. Fox then directed the national affairs. The hostility of Canning to Fox seemed, to many men, to border on the vindictive. This feeling was probably produced by the disparaging tone in which the latter spoke of Pitt. Fox was at that time almost in a dying state; but he came down to the House night after night, to reply to his persevering opponent. This unflinching courage, on the part of Fox, is supposed to have hastened his death; and there were some who never forgave Canning for the part he took on this occasion.

In 1807 Canning again entered office, in the Portland Ministry, being nominated to the responsible post of Secretary for Foreign Affairs. It was now that he

composed many of those dispatches, which, by their clearness, force, and comprehensiveness, increased his reputation among foreign statesmen. Shortly after Canning had become the head of the Foreign Office, events occurred on the continent, which called for all his watchfulness and decision. The battle of Jena in the preceding year had prostrated the once formidable military power of Prussia; and the battle of Friedland in June, 1807, disposed the Russian Emperor Alexander to make peace. He and Napoleon met on a raft moored in the middle of the river Niemen; the terms of a pacification were arranged; and in a few days the famous treaty of Tilsit was signed. In a short time intelligence reached Canning, through a secret channel, that France and Russia had agreed to unite all the European fleets in one grand assault upon England. The navy of Denmark especially was to be forced into the great confederacy. What was to be done? Were the ministers to wait till their enemies struck a blow? But such delay might be fatal. It was therefore resolved to anticipate the designs of Napoleon by a decisive stroke. Either England or France must have the Danish Navy: no other result was possible. A fleet, under Admiral Gambier, with twenty thousand troops commanded by General Cathcart, was immediately dispatched to Copenhagen. The English Minister requested the Danish government to intrust their fleet to the care of Great Britain, engaging to restore every ship at the termination of the war. The Danes refused, and the bombardment of Copenhagen followed. After the destruction of a large portion of the city, the ships, consisting of nineteen sail of the

line, twenty-three frigates, and other smaller vessels, together with a vast amount of naval stores, were given up, and conveyed to England. This vigorous blow startled Europe, and enraged and confounded Napoleon.

Speaking of the sudden attack on Copenhagen, Fouchè says, "It was the first derangement of the *secret* stipulations of Tilsit, by virtue of which the Danish fleet was *to be placed at the disposal of France.* Since the death of Paul I.* I never saw Napoleon give himself up to such violent transports of passion." It is reported that the intelligence, upon which the Ministers so decisively acted, was brought to the Prince of Wales, who communicated it to the Premier, the Duke of Portland.

The next great event in the life of Canning was, sending Sir Arthur Wellesley to Spain as commander of the British troops, and thus seriously perplexing the operations of Napoleon, who in vain poured into the Peninsula, from first to last, above 600,000 men.

Canning might long have continued to conduct the important business of the Foreign Office, had he found in all his colleagues that amount of prudence, combined with decision, which the state of the nation then required. An immense force of thirty-nine sail of the line, with 40,000 soldiers, was sent, in July 1809, to the coast of Holland. Lord Castlereagh was Secretary at War, and on him the management of the expedition

* The death, or more properly assassination, of the Russian Emperor Paul I. in March 1821, detached Russia from Napoleon.

therefore devolved. Canning felt a natural alarm for the consequences. He boldly told the Duke of Portland, that errors of magnitude had been committed. The Premier seemed to admit the truth of this remonstrance. Canning declared he would immediately resign, if the controul of the expedition should be left with Castlereagh. The Duke promised to speak to the Secretary at War; then he took fright, and hesitated; allowing Castlereagh to go on with the conduct of the armament. Canning at length was roused to indignation by such feebleness, in a matter where the honour of the nation was at stake; and positively refused to continue in his office. Then it was, when too late, that the Minister communicated with Castlereagh, who instantly resigned. He, however, justly and indignantly complained of the want of candour shewn towards him, by allowing him to conduct the expedition while he was thought incapable. Castlereagh was unreasonably irritated with Canning, whom he charged with disingenuous concealment, and to whom he sent a peremptory challenge. On the 21st of September, Canning and Castlereagh met on Putney Heath; and at the second fire Canning received a ball in his thigh.

The following month Canning resigned, and the Ministry was also broken up. Canning had some grounds for rejoicing in his liberation from the shackles of office. His political opponents had of late become unusually harassing in their assaults, and serious differences existed between himself and other members of the Cabinet. There was one question, which especially separated him from the party of Perceval and Eldon.

Canning was for repealing the laws against the Roman Catholics; his colleagues were against all concession.

He now took up his residence at Gloucester Lodge, near Kensington, which mansion he had purchased from the Princess Sophia. Here he enjoyed the society of his literary and political friends; and at this time became acquainted with the Princess Caroline, then living at Blackheath; and to her house he was frequently invited. The Princess was happy, when the tedium of her monotonous life was relieved by the visits of such men as Canning and Sir William Scott. Canning gave her advice which, had it been followed, might have saved her from many subsequent mortifications. She had already been irritated by the charges brought against her, but from these she had hitherto been cleared; and Canning earnestly recommended her to refrain from parading her grievances before the public. He told her that justice would assuredly be done by the nation; but that her own conduct required the most vigilant circumspection. The Princess, however, neglected his counsels, upon which he left his country for a time, rather than take any part against her.

When Perceval was shot by Bellingham, in the lobby of the House of Commons, in May 1812, Lord Liverpool became the head of an Administration, and offered Canning the office of Secretary for Foreign Affairs. Canning, however, rather hastily refused, objecting to Castlereagh taking the lead in the House of Commons.

This year was one of political triumph to Canning. Upon the dissolution of Parliament, many of the most influential gentlemen of Liverpool invited him to stand

for their town. He was triumphantly returned, being five-hundred ahead of Mr. Brougham on the poll. He long maintained his ascendancy in this important borough, being returned four times as its Member, and a club, called the "Canning club," was established in his honour. He was not long separated from official life, being appointed ambassador to Portugal in 1814, and, on his return two years after, was made President of the Board of Controul.

Soon after the accession of George IV. Lord Liverpool, the Premier, brought in the Bill for divorcing the unfortunate but imprudent Queen. Canning at once declared he would not support the proposition. He offered to resign, but the King would not consent; and released him from all obligation to concur in the measures against the Queen. Canning went on the continent, to avoid being mixed up with the furious passions which the spirit of party excited. However, on his return to England, he found it impossible to remain a member of the government, without being entangled in the discussions respecting the divorce, and he therefore gave up his office.

About this time the demand for Parliamentary Reform began to be made by a determined and powerful party. To this measure Canning was opposed, and employed his eloquence and influence to weaken the Reformers. One of his arguments was, that the small private boroughs enabled men of ability to enter Parliament, who, being little known, or not having a large fortune, would otherwise be excluded. The following extract from one of his speeches will sufficiently indicate

his views. These words were spoken in the House of Commons on the 25th of April, 1822, in reply to a motion by Lord John Russell in favour of Reform:—

"How many of the gentlemen who sit opposite to me, the rarest talents of their party, owe their seats to the existence of such boroughs . . . In spite of old Sarum, the Revolution was accomplished, and the House of Hanover seated on the throne. In spite of old Sarum, did I say? No; rather by the aid of old Sarum and similar boroughs. On this, probably the last, opportunity which I shall have of raising my voice on the question of Parliamentary Reform, while I conjure the House to pause before it consents to adopt the proposition of the noble Lord, I cannot help conjuring the noble Lord himself to pause before he again presses it on the country. If, however, he shall persevere, and if his perseverance shall be successful, and if the result of that success shall be such as I cannot help apprehending,—his be the triumph to have precipitated those results; be mine the consolation, that to the utmost and to the latest of my power I have opposed them."

Canning was shortly after appointed Governor General of India. He accepted the office, as one which might afford him ample scope for beneficial exertion. He felt too, that he was not a favourite with many powerful members of the Government. Some disliked his persevering advocacy of the Roman Catholic claims; others were jealous of the influence which his knowledge and eloquence had won; and some, of lower and feebler

minds, termed him "an adventurer." In reference to this taunt, he once said, "If to depend directly on the people as their representative in Parliament; if, as a servant of the crown, to lean on no other support than that of public confidence; if that be to be an adventurer, I plead guilty to the charge; and I would not exchange that situation,—to whatever taunts it may expose me—for all the advantages which might be derived from an ancestry of a hundred generations."

In India he hoped to be less trammelled by prejudice and party strife; and to India he therefore resolved to go. He took leave of his constituents at Liverpool on the 21st of August, when he dined with the "Canning Club." He was then presented with a magnificent candelabrum, as a memorial of his services to the borough.

Eleven days before this dinner, an event had happened, which changed the course of Canning's future life. On the 12th of August, the Marquis of Londonderry (Lord Castlereagh) committed suicide, while in a state of insanity. Lord Liverpool then earnestly requested Canning to take the Foreign Office. To this Canning acceded, in the hope of being able to check the arrogant intermeddling of the so-called "Holy Alliance," (Austria, Russia, and Prussia) with the Independence of nations. The Marquis of Londonderry had previously intimated to these powers, that Great Britain could not concur with them; and Canning still further withdrew the country from its connection with despotic Kings, who, with the Gospel on their lips, were ready to crush free institutions with the sword.

Spain was at this period torn by the fierce struggles of political parties; a civil war raged in the land; a French army entered the country; and, in the midst of these distractions, the extensive states of Spanish America revolted against the misgovernment of the mother-country. Canning avoided all interference with the internal affairs of Spain, but soon saw the expediency of recognizing the independence of the Spanish States in America. He hoped to lay the foundation of free institutions in those ancient possessions of Spain: he could not foresee the disorganization, narrow bigotries, and petty politics, which would gather round the early history of the new States.

Canning was anxious to preserve the peace of Europe, but he was equally resolved that the brute force of despotism should not trample upon constitutional liberties. He gave a decisive proof of this determination at the close of the year 1826. Pedro IV. King of Portugal, had given to the Portuguese a Constitution, adapted to develop the intelligence and resources of the country. Ferdinand, King of Spain, saw with dread the existence of freedom in a neighbouring Kingdom, and prepared, at the instigation of his priests, to send an army into Portugal. Intelligence of this design reached the British Government on the 8th of December. The Portuguese claimed the protection of their ally England, and the following short extract from the speech of Canning will shew the energetic decision of the Ministry:—

"The precise information, on which alone we could act, arrived only on Friday last; on Saturday, the

decision of the Government was taken; on Sunday, we obtained the sanction of His Majesty; on Monday, we came down to Parliament; and at this very hour British troops are on their way to Portugal."

In another passage he gave utterance to the well-known sentiment, that the great wars of Europe would henceforth be wars of *opinions*. The whole extract is worthy the attention of the historical student. His words were:—

"The position of this country, in the present state of the world, is one of neutrality, not only between contending nations, but between conflicting principles; and it is by neutrality alone that we can maintain that balance, the preservation of which I believe to be essential to the welfare of mankind. I said I feared that the next war which should be kindled in Europe would be a war, not so much of armies, as of opinions. Not four years have elapsed, and behold my apprehensions realized. It is, to be sure, within narrow limits that this war of opinion is at present confined; but it is a war of opinion that Spain is now waging against Portugal. The consequence of letting loose the passions, at present chained and confined, would be to produce a scene of desolation, which no man can contemplate; and I should not sleep easy on my couch, if I were conscious that I had contributed to precipitate it by a single moment. This then is the reason, a reason very different from fear, why I dread the recurrence of hostilities in any part of Europe; why I would put up

with almost anything, that did not touch national faith or national honour, rather than let slip the furies of war, the leash of which we hold in our hands; not knowing whom they may reach, or how far their ravages may be carried. Let us fly to the aid of Portugal, by whomsoever attacked, because it is our duty to do so; and let us cease our interference, when that duty ends. We go to Portugal, not to rule, not to dictate, not to prescribe her constitution, but to defend and to preserve the independence of an ally. We go, to plant the standard of England on the well-known heights of Lisbon. Where that standard is planted, foreign dominion shall not come."

Fifteen thousand English soldiers were landed at Lisbon, and the independence and freedom of Portugal were secured.

We now come to the year 1827, the last of Canning's life; that in which he rose to the summit of his greatness, and in which he experienced the full bitterness of political opposition, and the intensity of political jealousy. In the February of this year the Earl of Liverpool was permanently incapacitated for public business, by an attack of apoplexy. The King sent for Canning, and asked his advice respecting the appointment of a certain Nobleman to the Premiership. Canning then informed his Majesty, that he felt the chief place in the government was due of right to himself, and that he would accept of no subordinate appointment. The King seemed to admit the propriety of his claim, but hesitated, knowing the jealousy felt towards him at this juncture. Nine of

the most influential of his opponents intimated to the King, that they should withhold their support from the government, if Canning were placed at its head. This arrogant attempt at dictation roused the spirit of his Majesty, and he immediately commissioned Canning to form a ministry. He invited the members of the Liverpool administration to join him, but the chiefs of this party, Wellington, Eldon, Peel, and Melville, stood aloof. It was hoped that Canning would fail for want of supporters; but he resolved not to yield, and immediately called the Whigs to his aid. They were willing to support him; and in a short time every important office in the administration was filled. The Duke of Clarence became first Lord of the Admiralty, Lyndhurst, Lord Chancellor, and Lord William Bentinck took the Government of India.

Those who had opposed his elevation to the Premiership were unrelenting in their harassing manœuvres, but Canning's proud spirit rose against the attempt to crush him. Never did he display the resources of his mind more fully, than during this last troubled period of his life. He was anxious to get support in his attempt to repeal the laws against the Roman Catholics, and endeavoured to conciliate his opponents by uttering his determination against Parliamentary Reform, and the Repeal of the Corporation and Test Acts. These were his words :—

"I have been asked, what I mean to do with the question of Parliamentary Reform, whenever it is brought forward? What do I intend to do with it? Why

oppose it, as I have invariably done during the whole of my Parliamentary career. What do I intend to do with the repeal of the Test Acts?* Oppose it."

Little did Canning foresee that the very measures, against which he directed the force of his eloquence, would be passed by his bitterest opponents shortly after he was laid in the grave. The opposition he encountered, the labours and anxieties of his position, proved fatal to Canning. His last speech in Parliament was delivered June 29th, 1827. On the 10th of July he dined with the Lord Chancellor, at Wimbledon, where, strolling out into the grounds, he took cold by sitting, while heated by exercise, under a tree, and dangerous symptoms of a prostrated constitution soon alarmed his friends. On the 18th of July Mr. Huskisson called, to take leave before his departure for the continent, and expressed his surprise at the wan appearance of his friend, who was in bed. "Oh," said Canning, "it is only the reflection of the yellow lining of the curtains." Two days after he withdrew for rest to the Duke of Devonshire's House, at Chiswick, where he is said to have occupied the very room in which Fox died.

The last public act of Canning's life was the completion of a treaty, which bound England, France, and Russia, in securing the liberties of Greece. The destruction of the Turkish fleet at Navarino, in the following

* The Test Act was passed in the time of Charles II. by which all persons appointed to public offices were to take the Sacrament according to the rites of the Church of England. The Act was repealed in 1828.

October, was the immediate and "untoward"* result of this treaty.

On the 30th of July Canning went to Windsor, to transact some business with the King, who was so shocked at the worn and haggard appearance of the Minister, that he sent his own physician to attend upon him. The next day Canning took to his bed, and began to sink rapidly under the exhaustion produced by an internal inflammation. He had been accustomed, when prevented from attending church on Sundays, to have the service read in his family; and upon his last Sunday, the 5th of August, he called his daughter to read prayers in his room. His friends had by this time given up all hopes of his recovery; and when the cessation of agonizing pain shewed that mortification had commenced, it was but the result to which their fears had pointed. He died at four o'clock in the afternoon of Wednesday, the 8th of August, in his 57th year.

The decease of Canning produced a deep-felt sorrow in England, Europe, and America. The friends of true liberty felt that freedom had lost a zealous champion. The new States of America, and the struggling patriots of Greece heard of his death with those feelings of alarm, which are excited in nations when their defenders fall. His bitterest opponents now seemed to regret the intensity of their hostility, and joined with the country in honouring his memory.

On the 16th of August the body of Canning, was borne, through streets crowded by sorrowing multitudes,

* "An untoward event" was the expression of the Duke of Wellington, when the news of this battle reached England.

to Westminster Abbey, where he was buried, close to the tomb of Pitt, his early patron. On the day after the funeral, the widow of Canning was made a peeress, and the nation expressed in various ways its admiration for the statesman, and regrets for his loss. His statue, in Palace-Yard, is admirably adapted, by its very position, close to the Houses of Parliament, to keep his eloquence and labours fresh in the minds of Englishmen.

The oratory of Canning was above that of the mere wit or scholar. He was undoubtedly witty, and frequently pointed his declamations by classical imagery; but he was also powerful in argument, clear in statement, and capable of a noble enthusiasm. Perhaps the habit of mind which most injured him was, the tendency to ridicule, not only opinions, but persons. The wounds he thus inflicted were, in many cases, never forgiven. Wilberforce and others insinuate, that Canning was, sometimes at least, wanting in genuine feeling,—that there was too much display about him. If this estimate be true, it must of course prevent him from ranking with the highest orators. Wilberforce in one place hints at this defect:—"Canning was not a first-rate speaker. He was as different as possible from Pitt, and from old Fox too, though he was so rough. He had not that art, *celare artem*. If effect is the criterion of good speaking, Canning was nothing to them, for he never drew you to him in spite of yourself; you never lost sight of Canning." Mr. Thomas Grenville thus wrote in the year 1800:—"Canning was as usual, that is to say, with great indications of talents for speaking,

and an affected vehemence, which told more than one should expect against the merits of his argument, and of his language." Mr. Grenville may have been prejudiced, but the testimony of Wilberforce is that of a friendly hearer. But, making all these deductions, we cannot help thinking, that Canning must have possessed much of the earnest truthfulness of the statesman, and the true fire of the orator.

LORD GRENVILLE.

[BORN 1759—DIED 1834.]

LORD GRENVILLE.

William Wyndham Grenville was born on the 25th of October, 1759, being the third son of the Right Honourable George Grenville, and of Elizabeth, daughter of Sir William Wyndham. He was thus born in the same year as his celebrated cousin William Pitt, whose mother was Hester, the sister of Mr. George Grenville.

The father of the future Lord Grenville was a man of considerable intellectual powers, and had filled the offices of First Lord of the Admiralty, First Lord of the Treasury, and Chancellor of the Exchequer. It is necessary for the understanding of the following narrative to state, that the eldest son of this gentleman became Earl Temple, and was created Marquis of Buckingham, having previously assumed the arms of Temple and Nugent. He died in 1813, leaving a son, Richard Grenville Brydges Chandos, who afterwards became Duke of Buckingham. The second son was Mr. Thomas Grenville, known to the learned for the noble library collected by him, and now in the British Museum.

William Wyndham Grenville was educated at Eton, where he acquired a taste for classical composition,

which did not depart with his youth, but continued with him in manhood, and exhibited a vigorous freshness in the last years of his life. On leaving Eton, he was entered at Christ-Church, Oxford, where he soon acquired a reputation for taste and skill in composition by his poem on the "*Vis Electrica*," which gained in 1779 the Chancellor's prize for Latin verse.

After the termination of his Oxford course, the Law was the chosen pursuit of Mr. Grenville, and he was entered at Lincoln's Inn on the 6th of April, 1780, but he was soon drawn away from the Law by the absorbing excitement of politics. He accordingly entered Parliament for Buckinghamshire in 1782, and soon after commenced his official duties as Secretary to his brother, Earl Temple, who was appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. Mr. Grenville, however, soon returned to England with his brother, and, at the breaking up of the coalition Ministry in 1783, succeeded Burke as Paymaster of the Forces, in the administration of his cousin, William Pitt. The next year his brother was created Marquis of Buckingham, and in 1786 Mr. Grenville became Vice-President of the Board of Trade.

In the following year he was employed in a most important mission to Holland, to procure information respecting the political crisis in that country. The Stadtholder, William V., had fled from the Hague, because the republican party had deprived him of his command over the army. He then called for the interference of his brother-in-law, the King of Prussia, and also for the aid of England. The States of Holland, on the other hand, invoked the assistance of France. The

Prussian troops entered Holland, the English fleet was called out, and a war seemed at hand. But the rapid advance of the Prussians, under the Duke of Brunswick, and the demonstrations of Great Britain, prevented the apprehended struggle. During the negotiations, Mr. Grenville was sent to Paris to aid our ambassador there, who had not "a competent knowledge of the points in dispute." Of course, the inference must follow, that Mr. Grenville was then well-versed in the internal politics of the Dutch, and acquainted with those great treaties, which laid down the relations of Holland to other European powers.

Towards the close of this eventful year, Mr. Grenville's brother, the Marquis of Buckingham, was again appointed Lord-Lieutenant. Young Arthur Wellesley, afterwards Duke of Wellington, became an aide-de-camp on the list of the Viceroy. The young officer's brother, the Earl of Mornington, in a letter of thanks to the Marquis, says of his brother, "He has every disposition which can render so young a boy worthy of your notice." Mr. Grenville sent some humorous accounts to the Marquis, of the applications now made to him for the exercise of his influence to procure places and offices of all kinds. "Every man," he wrote, "who knows me by sight, who remembers my name at Eton or Oxford, or who voted for me in Buckinghamshire, is to be immediately made either a chaplain, or an aide-de-camp, or is to have a snug place of £1000 a year to begin with."

The reader will perhaps think that Mr. Grenville himself was not disinclined to receive the good things of pa-

tronage, when in 1788 he endeavoured to become Master of the Rolls in Ireland, with the intention of discharging the duties of the office by deputy. A spirit of examination was, however, even then beginning to scrutinize the abuses of public offices, and Mr. Grenville at length wisely resolved not to take the income of a place for which he was not qualified.

In 1789, he received a proof of the high estimation in which he was held by the House of Commons. Mr. Cornwall, the Speaker, died in January, and the House immediately elected Mr. Grenville, then but thirty years old, to fill the office. He did not, however, retain this honourable position longer than four months, as at the end of that time he became Secretary of State for the Home Department, Mr. Addington being chosen Speaker in his room. Soon after this, Mr. Grenville was raised to the peerage, being created Baron Grenville of Wootton. In the year 1791, he accepted the responsible post of Secretary for Foreign Affairs, at a time when it was clear to all that the French Revolution was about to enter upon the darker stages of its developement.

Before these critical events occurred, Lord Grenville strengthened his connection with the Pitt family by marrying, in 1792, the Honourable Anne Pitt, daughter of Lord Camelford, the nephew of the Earl of Chatham.

The years which followed were crowded with the momentous events which marked the first era of the great Revolutionary War. British troops, under the Duke of York, were poured into Holland, and the French forced out of Flanders by the Austrians. The surrender of

Toulon to Admiral Hood, and the destruction of its arsenals; the defeat of the French fleet by Lord Howe, on the 1st of June, 1794; the seizure of the French West India Islands; the rising of Holland against the Stadtholder; and the occupation of the Cape of Good Hope and Ceylon by England;—such were some of the stirring incidents which then agitated the nation.

Lord Grenville joined in the enthusiastic contributions to the war-loan in December, 1796, by a subscription of £10,000. This extraordinary developement of the war-spirit among the London merchants produced a subscription of £18,000,000 in fifteen hours. Such an expression of the national determination might well cause Lord Grenville and Mr. Pitt to feel, that the country was with them in the contest. The next year, 1797, was indeed a critical period for England: the fleet at Spithead mutinied; that at the Nore followed the example, and blockaded the Thames; and the three per cents sunk to 47½. The terrible crisis, however, passed away: the glorious victory of Sir John Jervis over the Spanish fleet off Cape St. Vincent, and the destruction of the Dutch fleet by Duncan at Camperdown, cast a splendour over this year of trial.

The close of the year 1799 brought a singular despatch to Lord Grenville. This was a letter from Napoleon, addressed to "The King of Great Britain and Ireland." It contained proposals for peace, which, however, the English ministry rejected, as uncertain and delusive. Lord Grenville, in a letter written to his brother on the 1st of January 1800, says,—"I send you for your new year's gift a curiosity. . . We shall

say—No." At the close of this year England stood alone in the contest; and in the following year, 1801, Russia, Sweden, Denmark, and Prussia, entered into a confederacy of pretended neutrality, but of real hostility. Lord Grenville and his associates seem to have looked on the measures of their enemies with the calmness of men who reckoned upon victory. On the 13th of January, 1801, Mr. Thomas Grenville alludes to these hostile combinations in a letter to the Marquis of Buckingham, and simply says,—"It is a matter upon which Sir Hyde Parker and Lord Nelson will be our best plenipotentiaries." These words were soon explained by the great battle before Copenhagen, in which the Danish fleet was destroyed.

On the 20th of February, 1801, Lord Grenville resigned his office, because the King would not hear of concessions to the Roman Catholics; and he also refused, for the same reason, to join Pitt on his return to office in 1804. From this period he appears to have connected himself with the Whigs, to whom he brought no little increase of power. Lord Grenville, nevertheless, refused to harass the government of Pitt, although that statesman had resolved to postpone the Roman Catholic claims. The peril of the nation was indeed then so imminent, that the most determined opponent of the Ministers must have felt it a solemn duty to sacrifice his prejudices to his patriotism. In August, 1805, Napoleon wrote to his Admiral Decrès,—"If we are masters of the Channel for two hours, England has lived its time." Sir Robert Calder's action in July had, however, already broken up the combinations of Bonaparte,

and in the following October his Toulon fleet was annihilated at Trafalgar.

The death of Pitt in January, 1806, compelled Lord Grenville, most reluctantly, to take office as the head of "All-the-Talents" Ministry. He speaks soon after of "incessant vexation and fatigue," and of "occupation pressing upon me for forty-eight hours out of every twenty-four." He declares he held office only to satisfy his friends. "I repeat it, for it is absolutely and positively true, and I appeal to that God who now sees me write this, nothing else has prevented me from doing long since what I shall now certainly do the very instant I can do it with honour,—withdrawing myself from a scene and course of life which I detest."

The conduct of the Roman Catholics involved him in perplexities. In February, 1807, he thus writes of them to his brother:—"They know their petition cannot be carried, yet they continue to embarrass the only public men who are friendly to their cause." He, however, resigned in March, upon finding that the King could not be induced to concur in the proposed concessions. The following eloquent passage from a speech in 1807, on the conciliation of Ireland, is an apostrophe to the Roman Catholics, put by Lord Grenville into the mouth of an opponent to concession:—

"You may embark in the military service of your country. You may devote to it the flower of your life, and every faculty of your mind and body; you may pour out your blood in our battles; you may sacrifice your health to the noxious climate of our colonies; you may

for us, and for our interests, brave death in every shape in which it can be encountered; but command, which is the reward of military toil—even the inward satisfaction of having rendered important service to your country; these, if the British Parliament can prevent it, these, as far as they attach to the station of a general, you never shall attain. You may indeed, by slow gradations, and by the force of superior merit overcoming all the prejudices sanctioned by such a law, you may rise to the rank of Colonel. In that rank, if employed in the West Indies, you may preserve to the British Empire some of its most valuable possessions; in that rank, in the East Indies, you may possibly command armies and conquer extensive kingdoms; in that rank you may, like another Clive, display the talents of a heaven-born general, conciliate above all other officers the love and confidence of every British soldier, and by the mere terror of your name strike dread into the hearts of your enemies; but beyond that rank you must not aspire. . . To the infidel and the atheist the paths of service and of recompense are open; but to you,—if early prejudice or mistaken judgment have confirmed you in the error of your creed,—to you they must be closed for ever."

One of the triumphs of the Grenville ministry was the carrying of the Bill for the suppression of the Slave Trade, which received the royal assent on the 25th of March, 1807. The feeling of the House of Commons was shewn by the majority on the first reading, 283 to 16. The second reading in the Lords was carried by 100 to 86.

After the breaking-up of his administration, Lord Grenville held no permanent office, but he continued to take a deep interest in home and foreign politics. The year 1809 brought a high gratification to Lord Grenville. He was then, notwithstanding his persevering advocacy of the Roman Catholic claims, elected Chancellor of the University of Oxford, after a most severe contest, in opposition to the Duke of Beaufort and Lord Eldon. The votes were—for Grenville 406, Eldon 393, Beaufort 238.

In 1813 Lord Grenville earnestly and eloquently advocated freedom of trade with India. Some had asserted, that an extended commerce with that country was hopeless. He replied:—

"What present knowledge, what past experience of India can possibly decide this question? No commerce! Trebatius or Quintus Cicero, returning from a campaign in Britain, would probably have informed the Roman Senate, no commerce can ever be carried on with that uncivilized, uncultivated island, divided absolutely from the whole world by tempestuous and unnavigable seas, and inhabited by naked, houseless barbarians. No commerce, some sage counsellor of Henry or Elizabeth might with equal authority have assured those monarchs, could ever be opened with the dreary wilds of North-America, a land covered with impenetrable forests, the shelter only of some wandering tribes of the rudest and most ferocious savages. Yet, of these predictions, the folly might be palliated by inexperience: in the defect of better knowledge, such conjectures might even pass for

1819. At that time much distress and excitement prevailed among the manufacturing population, and a motion made by the Marquis of Lansdowne, for a committee to inquire into the state of the country, drew the following observations from Lord Grenville :—

"During a large portion of a long public life, now closed, I have watched the destructive tendencies of these revolutionary projects ; I have marked their unremitting activity, their growing confidence, their fast-advancing progress. But the evil has outrun my apprehensions. Never at any former period has it presented so fierce and menacing an aspect; never yet has it so imperiously required, from the wisdom and firmness of my country, the most immediate, vigorous, and determined resistance. . . . We all remember that, from the happy restoration of peace, increased confidence was felt, increased assurance drawn by many for the permanent and undisturbed continuance of our domestic tranquillity. From that very date the mischief has, on the contrary, been constantly increasing. . . . . Our danger is no longer to be searched for in hidden consultations, or secret conspiracies. It courts our notice, it obtrudes itself upon our attention. We are daily assailed with undisguised menace, and are little removed from the immediate expectation of open violence. Let us then attentively review the steps which brought us to this situation, observe their beginning, consider well their rapidly accelerated progress. You will find them in near conformity to all that led to the subversion and misery of France. . . . . We have shared deeply in that

widely extended calamity; the bitter draught which France prepared for herself has overflowed into our cup. Let us at least derive from it the benefits of an experience so dearly purchased. Observe what were the beginnings of that catastrophe; follow up its progress; mark by what course it reached its terrible consummation; trace it through plunder and confiscation, through slaughter and massacre, till all was swallowed up in military despotism. What first occurred? The whole nation was inundated with inflammatory and poisonous publications. Its very soil was deluged with sedition and blasphemy. No effort was omitted, of base and disgusting mockery, of sordid and unblushing calumny, which could vilify and degrade whatever that people had been most accustomed to love and venerate. No artifice was left untried, which could stimulate the deluded multitude to the most savage acts of insult and outrage, of violence and fury, against the ministers of religion, and the dispensers of their government and laws, against all who were eminent for birth or rank, for talent or for virtue. . . . . Who can be ignorant how closely this detestable and malignant wickedness has been imitated in our country, how long it has been pursued, and to what a height it has now attained. You heard the papers read this night by my noble friend, and you shuddered at the recital; exhortations to murder and treason, from which the heart recoils, and the blood turns back to its fountains. . . . . The poison has been profusely scattered through the land: it has pervaded not only your towns and manufactories, but your peaceful villages and your farms. . . . It openly boasts

itself to be of power to overthrow all that is now standing in this country; and to level in the dust all your prosperity, and all your glory, involved in one common ruin with the magnificent and splendid fabric of the noblest government which has ever yet provided for the welfare of any society."

In conclusion he said:—

"I little expected to have troubled you so much at length: but I have obeyed the impulse of an irresistible duty, the last, perhaps, that I may ever be called upon to discharge within these walls. Whether it will be so, I know not; for who can now anticipate the events which are impending over us. But how can I, under any circumstances, better close my long service in this place, than by an effort, earnest, however weak, to uphold the laws and preserve the tranquillity of my country. With what sentiment nearer to my heart can I conclude these labours, than by finally conjuring your lordships to guard, as you have hitherto done, with unremitted vigilance, with unshaken firmness, the sacred deposit of the British Constitution."

After this strong expression of his feelings, he again withdrew to Dropmore; and from this period the close of his public life may be dated. The printing for private circulation of the *Nugæ Metricæ* in 1824, and the publication, in 1829, of a pamphlet in defence of Oxford, had no tendency to draw him from his cherished retirement.

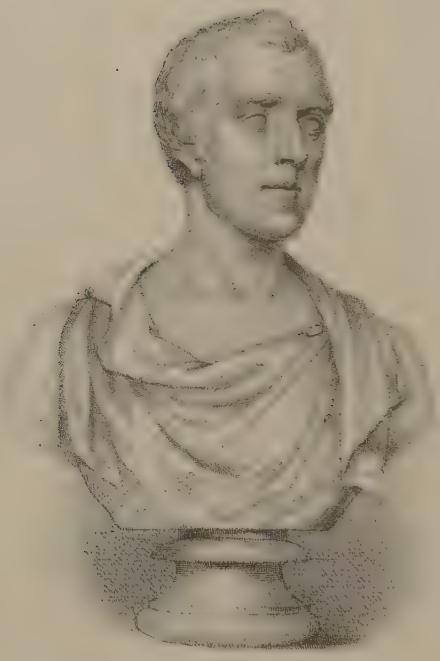
Lord Grenville died at Dropmore, the 12th of January, 1834, in the seventy-fifth year of his age, and was buried in Burnham Church. He left no children, and the barony of Grenville therefore became extinct.

The principal characteristics of Lord Grenville were a love of knowledge, a persevering industry, extended to the latest hours of his life, and a strong masculine intellect, which a cultivated taste preserved from too great ruggedness. In his acquaintance with European politics, and with the great principles of international law, he was probably not surpassed by any man of his time. His speeches and his style of writing indicate that he was a man of strong feeling, and as an orator he certainly shewed no want of ardour. It has been said, that no speaker in the Upper House produced so strong an impression upon strangers as Lord Grenville, especially for the first ten minutes. If this feeling lessened as he proceeded, it probably arose from a want of ease and variety in his style: there was sameness of manner, though great variety of matter. His eloquence was marked for its solidity and strength, but the extracts from his speeches given above shew, that he was by no means wanting in power of imagination.

Eton. Published by E. P. Williams

THE MARQUIS WELLESLEY.

[BORN 1760—DIED 1842.]



Hon: Published by E.P. Williams.

THE MARQUIS WELLESLEY.

Lord Clive has been called the founder of our Indian Empire; Warren Hastings, Cornwallis, and the Marquis Wellesley, its master-builders. The historian, who traces the growth of a "factory into an Empire," must note the daring genius of the "heaven-born general," who saved Arcot, avenged the agonies of the Black Hole, won Bengal on the field of Plassey, and rescued the name of Englishmen from the contempt of the East. Nor will he write without a mingled feeling of admiration and dislike the name of the calm, subtle, and persevering Hastings, who gloriously rescued the Carnatic from Hyder Ali, and shamefully plundered the Princesses of Oude.

The Indian administration of the Marquis Wellesley brought to view a military genius superior, if possible, to that of Clive, and developed a political sagacity more comprehensive than the statesmanship of Hastings. The star of Wellington rose in India; but the glories of Seringapatam and Assaye were the natural results of his brother's energy and forethought.

Eton remembers with an honourable pride, that the preserver of India and the hero of Waterloo received their early education within her walls. Each of these illustrious brothers strove to promote her welfare, and the grave of one now adds to the historical interest of the College Chapel.

The following Memoir is offered as an outline of the life of a statesman, whose master passion was to increase the glory and the resources of the British Empire.

Richard Colley Wellesley, afterwards Marquis Wellesley, was born on the 20th of June, 1760, in Grafton Street, Dublin; or, according to some, in Dangan Castle, in the County of Meath. His father, the Earl of Mornington, is still remembered for his finished musical compositions, and his mother was Anne, daughter of Arthur Hill, Viscount Dungannon. The father did not live to witness the honours of his children, but the mother enjoyed the rare felicity of knowing that the splendid actions of her first and third sons were famed throughout the civilized world.

The education of the future Marquis Wellesley commenced at Harrow, which however he left for Eton when eleven years old, and was there placed under the care of Dr. Davies, afterwards Provost. The studies of Wellesley were so well directed, and so earnestly pursued, that he was soon at the head of his contemporaries. Many of his verse-exercises will be found in the *Musæ Etonenses*, which contain ten of his compositions, all, except two, bearing the date of 1778; and immediately before his departure for Oxford, he composed the verses entitled "*Ad Genium Loci.*" He entered Christ Church, Oxford,

in 1778, having for his tutor the Rev. William Jackson, afterwards Regius Professor of Greek, preacher at Lincoln's Inn, and Bishop of Oxford. Wellesley left the University before taking his degree, being called away by the death of his father in 1781, when the securing a fund for the payment of his father's debts, and the education of his younger brothers, demanded no small share of his attention. He had now become Earl of Mornington, and soon took his seat in the Irish House of Peers, where he advocated the popular measures so eloquently urged in the House of Commons by Grattan. In 1783, the order of St. Patrick was established, and the Earl of Mornington was created one of the original Knights.

He now looked to the English Parliament as a means of facilitating his entrance into public life, and in 1784 was elected for the ancient, though small, borough of Beeralston, in Devonshire. Two years after his entry into the House of Commons, the Earl of Mornington was made, by the influence of the Marquis of Buckingham, a Lord of the Treasury, and thus found the path to political power opened, in his twenty-sixth year. His connection with Beeralston was but short; he was elected in June, 1788, as Member for Windsor, for which borough he was again returned at the general election in 1790. Although the Earl of Mornington was an active member of the English House of Commons, he still continued to attend the most important debates in the Irish House of Peers. His conduct there, in 1789, was one of the principal causes of his subsequent advancement. When the illness of the King

rendered the appointment of a regent necessary, the English Parliament conferred the office on the Prince of Wales, but limited his authority by several restrictions. The Irish Parliament, on the other hand, gave the whole power into the hands of the Prince, without the least limitation. The Earl of Mornington urged upon them the impolicy of thus separating Irish from English politics. His opposition was in vain, as to them; but produced ample benefits to himself. When the King recovered, he soon ascertained the part taken by the Irish Parliament, and resolved to honour the man who had fought for the "King's party." Accordingly, in 1793, we find the Earl of Mornington taking the oaths of a British Privy Counsellor, and receiving other decided proofs of the royal favour.

He married, on the 29th of November, 1794, Hyacinthe Gabrielle, the daughter of Pierre Roland, a French gentleman. The Earl of Mornington was at this time a Member of the Board of Control, and engaged in a constant study of Indian history and politics. The amount of information he thus acquired on Eastern affairs, the comprehensiveness of his views, and the earnestness of his character, pointed him out as a fit man to conduct the government of India. The favour of the king aided the arguments of his friends, and he was appointed Governor General of India on the 4th of October, 1797, and soon after became a peer of Great Britain, by the title of Baron Wellesley.

We are now about to follow this nobleman to those regions, where his enduring fame was won, the glory of his country extended, and the advance of civilization promoted among the millions of India.

Lord Wellesley sailed from England on the 7th of November, 1797, and arrived at the Cape of Good Hope in February, 1798. The mails from India to England touched at the Cape while he was there, and he determined to disregard official etiquette by opening the dispatches. These revealed the critical state of the British power in India, and he immediately began to devise plans to baffle the schemes of those, who had sworn to drive the English out of Asia. His dispatches from the Cape shew the activity and comprehensiveness of his mind, leaving nothing unnoticed which was likely to add to the strength of the British Empire. Thus, he called the attention of the government to the importance of the Cape as an out-post to India, and as a naval station:— "An enemy's squadron stationed at the Cape," he wrote, "could not fail to intercept the greater part of our trade to and from the East."

Lord Wellesley reached Calcutta in June, and soon received intelligence which shewed that a decisive and terrible struggle was at hand. If the reader will open a map of India, he will see in the south part the extensive table land of Mysore, extending towards the Carnatic and Madras on the east, and commanding the Malabar coast on the west. It is on all sides defended by the natural ramparts of the Ghauts, and other mountain chains; and in the south the fortress of Seringapatam forbade the advance of a foe. The former Sultan, Hyder Ali, had in 1780 ravaged India to the gates of Madras, and swept, like a hurricane, with his cavalry over the fertile rice-plains of the Carnatic. His son Tippoo Saib inherited all his father's hatred to the English, and more

than his father's cruelty. He had, on several occasions, shewn great skill and decision in his military operations, had surprised and defeated several English generals by the rapidity of his movements, and inspired his troops with a devoted attachment to his person. Lord Cornwallis had, in 1792, compelled this formidable chieftain to make a peace, by which he ceded one half of his dominions to the English, with, however, the steady resolve to seek the means of ample vengeance for his bitter humiliation. He soon began to form secret alliances with the princes of India, and to concert the scheme of a grand alliance for the expulsion of the British. He abhorred Europeans and Christians, with all the fierceness of Mahommedan rancour, but nevertheless sought aid from the French against the hated English. He organized a powerful army of more than 100,000 infantry, 20,000 cavalry, and 10,000 trained artillerymen; and collected 700 elephants, 6000 camels, and 11,000 horses, besides 600,000 muskets and 2000 cannon. Nor was he less careful in providing the sinews of war; his treasury contained funds to the value of £80,000,000.

Such was the sworn foe of the British rule in India, whose machinations necessitated immediate and skilful action on the part of Wellesley. He wrote to Tippoo, proposing negotiations as the proper method for settling misunderstandings; but at the same time took care to prepare for war. The next step of the Governor-General was to detach the Indian Princes from their connection with Tippoo, and to free those who were in alliance with England from the influence of the Mysore Sultan. One

of our allies was the sovereign of Hyderabad, known as the Nizam. He was connected with the English by treaties ; his dominions were equal in area to the British Isles : 10,000,000 subjects owned his authority ; and the famous diamond mines of Golconda swelled his revenues. His territories extended along the north of Tippoo's country, and his assistance, or at least his neutrality, was essential to the success of a campaign against Mysore. But the Nizam dreaded Tippoo, his best troops being under the command of French officers, who were resolved upon aiding the foes of England. Wellesley determined to strike a blow which should free the Nizam from foreign influence. In October, 1798, the Governor ordered Lieutenant-Colonel Roberts, to make a sudden advance on the camp of the French, near Hyderabad. The surprise was complete ; the sepoys, hostile to the Nizam, were disarmed ; and their French officers, being made prisoners, were sent to Europe, at the earliest opportunity. By this decisive stroke, the nucleus of a hostile European force was destroyed.

Wellesley now warned Tippoo, that he was fully aware of his intrigues :—"It is impossible," he wrote, "you should suppose me ignorant of the intercourse which subsists between you and the French." There could indeed be no doubt upon this point. The activity of Lord Wellesley's agents had already furnished him with copies of proclamations and other documents, which revealed the vast designs of the Sultan of Mysore. It was felt by all who understood India, that Tippoo and the English could not both exist in the same country, and the Governor General saw that the

revengeful spirit of Tippoo was implacable. In a minute dated August, 1798, he wrote,—"It has always been well understood, that Tippoo Sultan's resentment was not to be appeased by any conciliatory advances on our part:" and he added the important words,—"He (Tippoo) has prepared the means and instruments of a war of extermination against us." The Governor-General still endeavoured to bring the fanatical Sultan to reason. Knowing how much Tippoo relied on the French, who had then landed in Egypt under Napoleon, Lord Wellesley sent to Seringapatam an account of the great victory gained by Nelson at the Nile. But all was in vain: nothing could prevent the struggle.

Yet there was abundant reason for seeking to avoid such a contest at that time. The native powers were faithless, and could not be trusted: a French agent had written to Tippoo in 1798, urging a union between "the court of Poonah, the Soubah of the Deccan, the Tartars, the Rajah of Travancore, all the Rajahs, Nabobs, and Soubahs; that all the chiefs of Asia, in short, should unite to attack, to overthrow, and finally to expel those haughty English." A French expedition might descend the Red Sea, and, landing on the Malabar coast, would excite the hopes of every plundering chief from Cape Comorin to the Himalayas. The state of the Indian army increased the perplexities of Wellesley's position: it had been suffered to become enfeebled, though in the midst of perils. One of the generals thus wrote in 1798,—"Within these four years, and owing to want of discipline and knowledge, the fate of our Empire in India probably *hung by a thread of the slightest texture.*"

In another place the same officer says, "Our stores are *utterly incompetent* to any forward movement;" and Lord Wellesley was compelled to confess, that the "artillery throughout India is in a very defective state." In addition to these serious elements of peril, the finances were in a disorganized state. The Presidency of Madras owed a large debt; the expenses exceeded the revenue; the Treasury was empty; and money could not be borrowed at less interest than 12 per cent. Besides all this, many of the leading officials were timid, and disposed to concede to Tippoo; opposing even all military preparations on the part of the Governor-General. These accumulated difficulties might have daunted even a bold statesman and a firm general. Wellesley, however, resolved to conquer the difficulties; being determined that the country which had sent him forth should not be despoiled of her honour by the duplicity of an Asiatic tyrant.

The manner in which he cleared away the obstacles would alone be sufficient to exhibit the energy and incessant watchfulness of this noble ruler. By the wisdom, skill, and activity of his political agents, he detached some states from Tippoo, and frightened others into neutrality. He provided against the arrival of a French squadron on the coast of India, by dispatching Admiral Rainer with a fleet to intercept any force which should approach from the Red Sea. He also concluded a treaty with Persia, by which that country bound itself to oppose the passage of French troops by land, should they attempt to advance from the Euphrates. He next began the restoration of the Indian

Army to a state of efficiency. To all the despondencies of his military advisers, he gave but one reply,—"The work *must* be done." His order to General Harris admitted of no dispute:—"*Immediately* encamp the native troops in such a position as you may deem most eligible for repelling an invasion of the Carnatic."

The Governor-General soon communicated a portion of his energy to many who had been most desponding, and found himself, at the beginning of 1799, in a position to commence the momentous campaign. He had sent three letters to Tippoo, to which none but the most trifling or contemptuous answers were returned; and the troops were at length, on February 3rd, 1799, directed to march upon Seringapatam, the capital of Mysore. Tippoo immediately proved that he was not to be despised: two armies were advancing upon his capital, one from Bombay under General Harris, and another from Madras under General Stuart. The Sultan endeavoured to crush one of these, before a junction could be effected with the other, and making a rapid movement, fell upon the division of General Stuart on the 6th of March, at Ledasere. The success of this bold manœuvre was frustrated by the discipline and steady courage of the English troops. Tippoo was defeated; and his forces were again repulsed at Malavelly, on the 27th of the same month. The British troops pushed on through swarms of the Mysore cavalry, and beheld, on the 5th of April, the fortified lines and works of Seringapatam. Tippoo was not disheartened; he looked upon his capital as impregnable, and felt that his troops would defend the place to the last. He was unremitting

in preparing for the grand assault, which the fierce fire from the English batteries shewed him would soon be made. So little, however, did he anticipate defeat, that he took every opportunity of evincing the intensity of his hatred to the English. Some soldiers of Colonel Wellesley's regiment, the 33rd, had been taken in an unsuccessful assault on one of the outworks of Seringapatam, and Tippoo put them all to death by cruel tortures.

At length the day fixed for the storming of the stronghold of Mysore came. At one in the afternoon of the 4th of May, the storming columns rushed towards the breach. The defence was determined: Tippoo was in the midst of his bravest troops, and with his own hand repeatedly fired upon the advancing English. He was at length wounded by a shot, and lifted by his attendants into a palanquin. The British troops were now pouring into the place, and a soldier, seeing the richly ornamented dress of the Sultan, rushed forward and caught hold of his girdle. The enraged Tippoo cut furiously at and wounded his assailant; upon which the man, stepping back a few paces, levelled his musket, and shot Tippoo dead. In the fury of the conflict which followed, the body of the Sultan was buried beneath a heap of dead. By half-past two the city was taken, two of Tippoo's sons made prisoners, and his vast treasures became the spoil of the victorious troops. The body of the Sultan was afterwards discovered amidst a heap of his slaughtered soldiers, and was given up to his family for burial. His remaining sons, eleven in number, soon gave themselves up, or were made prisoners; and thus

fell the proud house of Hyder Ali, after having twice menaced the British power in India. The tiger's head, which formed the footstool of Tippoo's throne, and the figure of the Indian eagle, which ornamented the canopy, are now in Windsor Castle.

The news of this great victory reached Lord Wellesley on the 11th of May, the dispatch having been secreted in a quill, and so carried through a country covered with large bodies of the Mysore cavalry. The fall of Seringapatam, and the destruction of an implacable enemy of the British dominion, were results due to the persevering energy of Lord Wellesley. Tippoo might long have continued to form his plots, had not the determination and sagacity of the Governor General aroused the timid, and directed the brave.

His brother, Colonel Wellesley, was made commander of Seringapatam, it being resolved to keep the place for the Company. The family of the late Sultan were, however, treated with all possible lenity, the wives and children of Tippoo being conducted to Vellore by Colonel Wellesley, and a large sum appropriated for their support in suitable dignity.

The Governor General appointed the 6th of February, 1800, as a day of public thanksgiving at every station in India; and all must have felt that a period of great peril had been triumphantly passed through. Lord Wellesley was now made a Marquis of the United Kingdom, and empowered to add to his arms a lion, for the right supporter of the shield, holding in his paw a tri-coloured flag on a broken staff; for the left supporter, the tiger of Tippoo, holding in its paw the standard of the Sultan.

The Court of Directors expressed their sense of Wellesley's services by voting him an annuity of £5000. This, as the reader will find, was not the only acknowledgment of their gratitude.

On the cessation of the war, Wellesley remembered that "peace hath her victories," and directed his energies to the establishment of law and political order throughout India. To secure these ends, he felt it necessary to prevent any rival European power from exciting the discontent of turbulent chiefs; and therefore resolved to keep down all French influence, declaring, immediately after the fall of Seringapatam, "Wherever I find a Frenchman in India, within my power, I will send him back to Europe." He dispatched in March, 1801, a force from Bombay and Ceylon, up the Red Sea, to co-operate with the English army in Egypt against Napoleon, and wrote letters to the Arab chiefs, the Shereef of Mecca, the Imaum of Senna, and the Sultan of Aden, urging them to aid the English troops. Not content with this, he was desirous of conquering the Mauritius, the Isle of Bourbon, and even the Philippines, fearing lest the French should get possession of these last islands, and so ruin our China trade. He also determined to reduce the Danish settlements of Serampore and Tranquebar. In January, 1800, he thus writes to the Foreign Secretary, Dundas, "You already know how injurious Tranquebar has proved to our interests during the whole of the present war: I assure you, that the Danish settlement of Serampore is in some respects a greater evil. Jacobins of every description swarm at Serampore, and it is the asylum of all our public defaulters and debtors." At

the close of the same year, he ordered Lord Clive to attack Tranquebar, the instant he procured intelligence of a war between Denmark and England. Wellesley himself soon settled all differences with Serampore. He received notice of the war on the 7th of January, 1801, and took Serampore by surprise the same night. His plans respecting these Danish settlements were ultimately carried out: the English government purchased them from Denmark, at the close of the war in 1815.

Among the most beneficial of his measures for the improvement of the country was the establishment of a College at Fort William, near Calcutta, for the education of the Company's civil servants. In an elaborate minute, he remarked on the important duties of the company's agents, and the following extract will shew the justness and elevation of his views:—

"The civil servants of the English East India Company can no longer be considered as the agents of a commercial concern; they are in fact the ministers and officers of a powerful sovereign. They must now be viewed in that capacity, with reference not to their nominal but real occupations. They are required to discharge the functions of magistrates, judges, ambassadors, and governors of provinces, in all the complicated and extensive relations of those sacred trusts and exalted stations, and under peculiar circumstances, which greatly enhance the solemnity of every public charge. Their duties are those of statesmen in every other part of the world, with no other characteristic differences than the obstacles opposed by an unfavourable climate, by a

foreign language, by the peculiar uses and laws of India, and by the manners of its inhabitants. Their studies, the discipline of their education, their manners and morals should therefore be so ordered and regulated, as to establish a just conformity between their personal consideration, and the dignity and importance of their public stations; and to maintain a sufficient correspondence between their qualifications and their duties. Their education should be founded on a general knowledge of those branches of literature and science, which form the basis of the education of persons destined to similar occupations in Europe. To this foundation should be added an intimate acquaintance with the history, languages, manners, and customs of the people of India, with the Mahommedan and Hindoo codes of law and religion, and with the political and commercial interests and relations of Great Britain in Asia. . . Finally, their early habits should be so formed as to establish in their minds such solid foundations of industry, prudence, integrity, and religion, as should effectually guard them against those temptations and corruptions with which the nature of this climate, and the peculiar depravity of the people of India, will surround and assail them in every station, especially on their first arrival in India. The early discipline of the service should be adapted to counteract the defects of the climate and the vices of the people . . . . . Attached to offices at the Presidency, their duty consists chiefly in transcribing papers. This duty, if pursued with the utmost diligence and assiduity, affords little knowledge of public affairs, is often prejudicial to health, and would be

better performed by any native or Portuguese writer. They obtain no distinct knowledge of the public records, because they pursue no regular course of reading, examining, or comparing the documents which compose those records: they have indeed scarcely time to understand and digest those papers they are employed to transcribe: their acquaintance even with the current affairs of the Government must be limited and partial, and must rather tend to confuse than instruct their minds."

The law for the establishment of the College was dated the 4th of May, 1800, the first anniversary of the victory at Seringapatam. Lord Wellesley evidently hoped that this institution would tend gradually, but surely, to subdue the prejudices and remove some of the grosser superstitions of the Brahmins, and thus prepare the way for the introduction of a purer faith. He would not allow of the slightest attempt to coerce even the lowest Hindoo, and reproved some European officers who had foolishly compelled the Sepoys to attend divine service with the Christian soldiers. But he was earnestly bent on diffusing a knowledge of Christianity, by causing the Scriptures to be translated into many languages. In a speech delivered in the House of Lords, in 1813, he defended the Missionaries from attacks, and alluded to his share in the translations of the Scriptures. His words were:—

"I must say, I never knew of any danger arising from them [the Missionaries] . . . . Some of them, par-

ticularly Mr. Carey, were very learned men, and have been employed in the College in Bengal. I always thought the Missionaries, who were in India in my time, a quiet, orderly, discreet, and learned body; and I have employed many of them in the education of youth, and in translating the Scriptures into the Eastern languages. I, however, issued no orders, nor gave any authority for the dissemination of those translations among the natives. I thought it my duty to have the Scriptures translated into the languages of the East, and to give the learned natives employed in the translation the advantage of access to the sacred fountains of Divine Truth. I think a Christian Governor could not have done less, and I know that a British Governor ought not to do more."

He also advocated the support of an ecclesiastical establishment in India: he said,—"I think, that our ecclesiastical establishment there did not rest on a footing sufficiently respectable. I am of opinion, that a suitable ecclesiastical establishment would tend to elevate the European character in the eyes of the natives."

Having thus endeavoured to lay the foundation of a great superstructure in India, he expressed a wish, in 1802, to retire from his post. His spirit had been wounded by the opposition of the Directors to his plan of forming a College, and especially by the irritation shewn at his wish to extend the Indian trade. Several of the officials he most trusted were removed, and the Directors ordered him to reduce the military force, at a time when fresh dangers were arising. He refused to

carry out these instructions; alleging, that the result would be "to expose Mysore, the Deccan, and Canara, to become the prey of rebellion or invasion." The Government supported him against this opposition, but he nevertheless pressed for his recall.

Events were, however, now occurring, which made his presence in India more necessary than ever. The Mahratta war was about to shake the Peninsula, and the Directors requested him to continue in his government. Wellesley therefore resolved to grapple with the new foes which were threatening the British possessions. A war with the Mahrattas was indeed a critical event, even though a Wellesley was to guide the operations. The contest began in 1803, by the defeat of the French General, Perron, who had trained for the Mahrattas a formidable force of more than 15,000 cavalry. Now followed, in rapid succession, some of the most desperate battles in Indian warfare. General Lake won a victory at Delhi, on the 11th of September, 1803, when the greater part of the enemy's artillery was captured. Seven days before this, the strong fort of Allyghur had been stormed, and, on the 23rd of the same month, Major-General Wellesley won the great battle of Assaye, with 8000 men and 17 guns, against the whole Mahratta army, numbering 80,000 men, of which 30,000 were cavalry. The 17 guns of the British were almost useless against the fierce fire from 100 cannons, served by trained Mahratta artillerymen. The English had, however, the satisfaction of taking 90 of these guns and 7 colours. In October, the British troops captured Agra, then the key of India, with 24 lacs of rupees, a

sum equal to £240,000. The storm of war still swept on; and on the 1st of November, General Lake fell upon the rear of the retiring Mahrattas at Laswarry, and routed their whole force. The last battle was fought on the 29th of the same month at Argaum, where General Wellesley defeated the combined armies, headed by Scindia and the Rajah of Berar.

By this unexampled series of victories, the mighty force of the Mahrattas was almost crushed within the short space of four months. Blow followed blow, with a rapidity which left no time to the disorganized enemy to retrieve his fortunes. Both Scindia and the Rajah of Berar concluded treaties of peace in December, and the year closed with the sounds of victory echoing through every province of India.

The English Generals were loaded with applause, and received due honours. Lake was made a peer, and General Wellesley received the order of the Bath. In February, 1804, the inhabitants of Calcutta voted a marble statue to the Marquis Wellesley, a sword of £1500 value to General Lake, and one of £1000 to General Wellesley.

Lord Wellesley now resolved to return home. He had accomplished a great work in India, had raised the revenue of the Company from seven to fifteen millions, and added to the subjects of the British crown a population of 40,000,000. He had destroyed the Mahommedan power in Mysore, and prostrated, for years to come, the influence of the once-dreaded Mahrattas. He had also done much for the extension of knowledge and Christianity; had abolished the horrid sacrifice of

infants at the holy places on the Ganges; and taken the first steps towards the suppression of the Suttee rites. Having procured a declaration from the Brahmins, that the sacrifice of infants was not enjoined in their sacred books, he prohibited the custom under the penalty of death. The Governor-General had also demanded of them, whether their holy writings enjoined the burning of widows on the husband's funeral-pile; but they were unable to produce any decisive command out of their Shasters.

Wellesley now prepared to leave the scene of his glory,—to retire from the state of a ruler and the splendour of a conqueror, to the privacy of an honoured subject. India seemed to rise up as one man, to bid farewell to the great Governor. From both Europeans and Natives he received those proofs of respect and sympathy which, to a lofty and sensitive mind like that of Wellesley, must have brought a pleasure equal to the joy which the most triumphant of his achievements had ever produced.

Lord Wellesley departed from Fort William on the 21st of August, 1805, and embarked on the Hoogly in presence of a vast multitude, who crowded to the river's banks, to snatch a last glimpse of the man whose name was known to every Hindoo child, from the Punjaub to Mysore. Here the political life of the Marquis Wellesley might be almost said to end, at least, as to its grander manifestations and enduring results; India being, beyond doubt, the field on which his permanent fame was won. But we must nevertheless notice briefly the other not unimportant events of his life.

The Marquis Wellesley was, in 1809, sent by Canning as ambassador to the Spanish Cortes. He landed at Cadiz the 4th of July, just before the victory of Talavera was won by his brother, Sir Arthur Wellesley. He immediately endeavoured to rouse the Spanish government to adopt plans for the proper provisioning of the British troops, reminding the authorities, "that an army could not win battles, and starve at the same time." The Spaniards promised everything, but did nothing; and retained the perverse and blundering Cuesta in command of their armies. The result was, that Sir Arthur Wellesley resolved to retire into Portugal, and the Marquis gave up his office of ambassador. On his return to England, he was made Secretary of the Foreign Office, in December, 1809, and soon after became a Knight of the Garter. He directed the Foreign Affairs of the nation till the year 1812, and during this period materially aided in organizing the plans, which finally led to the great triumphs in the Spanish Peninsula. Had it not been for the influence of his character in the Ministry, the Spanish contest would most probably have been abandoned. He knew the weakness of Spain, but he hoped to see her strength concentrated, and directed by abler hands. He therefore urged the government to continued exertion, saying, "In nations, and above all in Spain, how often have the apparent symptoms of dissolution been presages of new life and of renovated vigour. Therefore, I would cling to Spain in her last struggle; therefore, I would watch her last agonies; I would wash and heal her wounds,—would receive her parting breath;

I would catch and cherish the last vital spark of her expiring patriotism."

In the year 1812, he felt that the English Ministers were not making due efforts for the support of the army in Spain under his brother, and he therefore resigned office. To this step he was also probably led by the reluctance of the Cabinet to make concessions to the Roman Catholics, in favour of which he had declared himself.

In 1821, he was made Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, a position then more perilous for the reputation of a public man, than India itself. To say that the Marquis Wellesley satisfied both the Orange and the violent Roman Catholic party, would be simply to utter an absurdity. But, perhaps, it is no extravagance to say that his attempts to allay the passions of rival parties were fitted to win the approbation of all, who believe that the highest wisdom of a statesman is shewn in the extinguishing of long-standing animosities. To allay the heart-burnings produced by certain regulations in the collection of the tithes; to abolish the secret societies, which made Ireland a land of terror to the peaceful, and Captain Rock and his Whiteboys the lords of the country; and to establish an efficient police throughout the land;—these were the great objects which he laboured to accomplish. He resigned the vice-royalty in 1828, when his brother, the Duke of Wellington, became Premier; their different views on the Roman Catholic question preventing a co-operation in the government.

In the year 1825, the Marquis Wellesley married, at Dublin, his second wife, Marianne, a Roman Catholic

lady, daughter of Richard Caton, Esquire, of Maryland, and sister of the Duchess of Leeds.

The Marquis Wellesley was appointed, in 1830, Lord-Steward of the Household, and in 1833 again became Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, as a member of the administration of Earl Grey; but resigned his office in the next year, when the Whig ministry was broken up.

The attacks on his two administrations in Ireland were a source of much annoyance to Wellesley. Even in his Will, we see proofs of the irritation thus excited. He directed his Secretary to publish such of his papers "as shall tend to illustrate my two administrations in Ireland, and to protect my honour against the slanders of Melbourne and his pillar of State—O'Connell." This second Irish administration was the last event in his public life; but not the last occasion on which his past services were brought to the remembrance of the nation.

In 1837, the Directors of the East India Company, fearing that the pecuniary resources of the Marquis had become straitened, placed the sum of £20,000 in the hands of trustees, for his use. Four years after, in 1841, they gave a still more remarkable proof of the estimation in which his past services were held, by resolving to erect a statue of him in the general Court-room of the India House. This resolution was communicated to the Marquis on the 17th of March, and, in his reply of the following day, he thus expressed, in his earnest manner, the feelings which their vote had excited:—"So high is my estimation of the transcendent honour conferred on me by the unanimous resolution of the whole body of the East India Company, that my first emotion

was to offer up my thankful acknowledgments to the Almighty Power, which has preserved my life beyond the ordinary limits of human nature, to receive a distinction, of which history affords so few, if any, examples." The statue, by Weeks, was placed in one of the Court-rooms in 1845; and on the right hand of the Marquis is a marble statue of his brother, the Duke of Wellington.* Thus, in his eighty-first year, he saw himself held in honourable remembrance in the place where his actions had, forty years before, been regarded with some suspicion.

The decease of the Marquis took place on Monday, the 26th of September, 1842, at his residence, Kingston House, Brompton. He left no children capable of inheriting his titles, and the Marquisate and Barony of Wellesley therefore became extinct; but the Earldom of Mornington descended to his next brother, Lord Maryborough.

The Marquis was buried, according to his own earnest request, in the Chapel of Eton College, on Saturday, the

* The following Lines, written by the Marquis shortly before his death, for another proposed statue of his brother "the Duke," prove, that he felt as pleased with the honours conferred on his illustrious Brother, as with those granted to himself:—

Conservata tuis Asia atque Europa triumphis,
Invictum bello te coluere Ducem:
Nunc umbrata geris civili tempora quercu,
Ut desit Famæ gloria nulla tuæ.

(Translated by the Marquis himself.)

Europe and Asia saved by thee, proclaim
Invincible in war thy deathless name:
Now round thy brows the civic oak we twine,
That every earthly glory may be thine.

8th of October; and the following inscription is fixed on the wall within the north entrance of the College Chapel:—

HÆC IN IPSIUS MONUMENTO RELIQUIT INSCRIBENDA

RICARDUS COLLEY MARCHIO WELLESLEY.

Fortunæ rerumque vagis exercitus undis,
In gremium redeo serus, Etona, tuum.
Magna sequi, et summæ mirari culmina famæ,
Et purum antiquæ lucis adire jubar,
Auspice te, didici puer, atque in limine vitæ
Ingenuas veræ laudis amare vias.
Si qua meum vitæ decursu gloria nomen
Auxerit, aut si quis nobilitarit honos,
Muneris alma tui est altrix: da terra sepulchrum,
Supremam lacrymam da, memoremque mei.

VIXIT ANNOS LXXXII. MENSES III. DIES VI.

DECESSIT VI. KAL. SEPT. A. S. $\overline{\text{CIↃ}}$. $\overline{\text{DCCC}}$. $\overline{\text{XL}}$. $\overline{\text{II}}$

HOC MARMOR IN EGREGII VIRI MEMORIAM POSUIT

ARTHURUS DUX DE WELLINGTON,

FRATER SUPERSTES.

A Bust of the Marquis (from which our Engraving is taken) was placed, in the year 1840, in the Upper School, Eton College. Provost Goodall and the Fellows had proposed thus to express their respect for so eminent an Etonian; but the bust was not completed until the time of Provost Hodgson, who acknowledged its arrival

by a copy of verses. To these Wellesley sent this reply:—

"Affulsit mihi supremæ meta ultima Famæ;
Jam mihi cum lauro juncta cupressus erit.
Mater amata, meam quæ fovit, Etona, juventam,
Ipsa recedentem signat honore senem."

As the following translation of these lines was made by the Marquis himself, it may fitly be added:—

"On my last steps Fame sheds her purest rays,
And wreathes with bays the cypress and the yew:
Eton, blest guardian of my youthful days,
Greets my retiring age with honours new."

The long endurance of early literary tastes, and their vigorous expansion even in the decline of life, have often been seen in the case of great men, both in ancient and modern times. In none has this been more remarkably shown than in the Marquis Wellesley. Lord Brougham tells us, that, in his seventy-ninth year, "He began to read over again, more than once, the Homeric poems and the orations of Demosthenes." Early proficiency, and even skill in versification, is not uncommon; but to find a statesman of eighty turning from the recollections of past glory, to compose Latin verses, which shall obtain the praise of finished scholars, is a scene of quiet dignity rarely offered to our views.

Some of his compositions, under the title of "*Primitiæ et Reliquiæ*," were printed for private distribution in his eighty-first year. One of the poems, on the *Weeping Willow*, the *Salix Babylonica*, is probably well-known to

most scholars: no apology can however be required for closing this Memoir with these eloquent verses.

SALIX BABYLONICA.

Passis mœsta comis, formosa doloris imago,
  Quæ, flenti similis, pendet in amne salix,
Euphratis nata in ripâ Babylone sub altâ
  Dicitur Hebræas sustinuisse lyras;
Cum terrâ ignotâ proles Solymæa refugit
  Divinum patriæ jussa movere melos;
Suspensisque lyris, et luctu muta, sedebat,
  In lacrymis memorans Te, veneranda Sion!
Te, dilecta Sion! frustra sacrata Jehovæ,
  Te, præsenti Ædes irradiata Deo!
Nunc pede barbarico, et manibus temerata profanis,
  Nunc orbata tuis, et taciturna Domus!
At tu pulchra Salix Thamesini littoris hospes,
  Sis sacra, et nobis pignora sacra feras!
Quâ cecidit Judæa, mones, captiva sub irâ,
  Victricem stravit quæ Babylona manus;
Inde, doces, sacra et ritus servare Parentum,
  Juraque, et antiquâ vi stabilire Fidem.
Me quoties curas suadent lenire seniles
  Umbra tua et viridi ripa beata toro,
Sit mihi, primitiasque meas, tenuesque triumphos,
  Sit revocare tuos, dulcis Etona! dies.
Auspice te, summæ mirari culmina famæ,
  Et purum antiquæ lucis adire jubar,
Edidici Puer, et jam primo in limine vitæ
  Ingenuas veræ laudis amare vias:
O juncta Aonidum lauro præcepta salutis
  Æternæ! et Musis consociata Fides!

O felix Doctrina! et divinâ insita luce;
Quæ tuleras animo lumina fausta meo!
Incorrupta, precor, maneas, atque integra, neu te
Aura regat populi, neu novitatis amor:
Stet quoque prisca Domus; (neque enim manus impia tangat;)
Floreat in mediis intemerata minis.
Det Patribus Patres, populoque det inclyta Cives,
Eloquiumque Foro, Judiciisque decus,
Consiliisque animos, magnæque det ordine Genti
Immortalem altâ cum pietate Fidem.
Floreat, intactâ per postera secula famâ,
Cura diu Patriæ, Cura paterna Dei.